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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, December 11, 1937

RULERS OF THE KING'S ARMY

General Viscount Gort, V.C., the new Chief of the Imperial General Staff, with Mr. Hore-Belisha, the War Minister and author of the Sweeping Changes in the Military Hierarchy

To find a precedent for so thorough a reconstitution of the high personnel of a service department as that just carried through by Mr. Hore-Belisha, the War Minister, it is necessary to go back to 1911 when Mr. Winston Churchill, just appointed First Lord of the Admiralty at the age of thirty-seven, forced the retirement of all but one of the naval members of the Board of Admiralty within three months of taking office and, significantly enough, called on the future Earl Beatty to be his Naval Secretary. Now, under the changes in the military hierarchy, which have placed the direction of the army in none the less efficient but younger hands, fifty-one-year-old General Viscount Gort, Mr. Hore-Belisha's Military Secretary, becomes Chief of the Imperial General Staff in succession to sixty-three-year-old Field-Marshal Sir Cyril Deverell, and other positions on the Army Council have also been changed. From now on, indicates Mr. Hore-Belisha, consideration of mere seniority will not be regarded, and merit, character, ability, and fitness to hold a post under active service conditions will be the principles quiding all appointments. Lord Gort is known in the army as a man of ideas and an intensely hard worker, while his record in the great war, during which he won the V.C. and was mentioned in despatches no fewer than nine times, is testimony to his courage in the field. An article on the subject of Army Reform will be found on page 452

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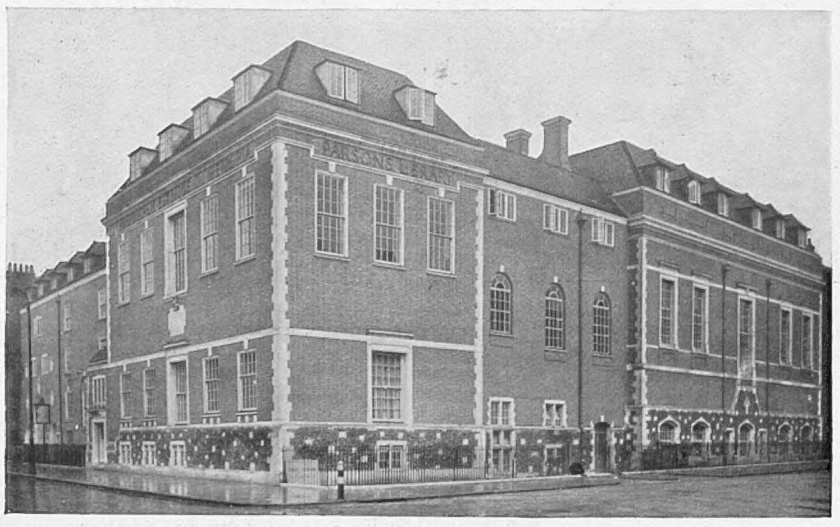
A LONDON NEWSLETTER

QUINS OF THE "IRON ROAD": For the first time since the introduction of the giant streamlined locomotives on the L.N.E.R. system there were five of them in London last week, this circumstance affording an opportunity for a number of joint power tests to be made. Reading from left to right are *Dominion of New Zealand*, *Golden Shuttle*, *Golden Eagle*, *Empire of India*, and *No. 10,000*

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, December 8, 1937.

ARMY CHANGES.—None can deny now to Mr. Belisha the claim to be a reformer and a man of immense driving-power. If the roads of England beat him after years of struggle, in a few weeks he has cleared the obstructions from the road to promotion by merit in the army, obstructions which have blocked that road (save in war time) for generations. He has done what many War Ministers tried to do, he has scrapped the old round-about at the War Office and the traffic will run freer all along the line. He has moved mountains in a month and it would be interesting to know to what extent his predecessors cleared the way to his *fait accompli*. It goes without saying that the work was not accomplished without the severest struggle, much shaking of heads, and much recrimination. None will deny the courage and the will power demanded, for the obstructions which vested interests in the last ditch can put in the way of reform are formidable indeed. It is to be remembered that Sir C. Deverell's appointment, so short a time ago, was widely applauded in the army, and that Lord Gort, proved to the hilt as a fighter, is not yet proved as a "statesman" and organiser in the highest posts. The times are very anxious, and the experiment—which clearly it is—seems justified, if only that it will assure for a time unanimity of purpose among political and professional chiefs. But Mr. Belisha will go forward to the accompaniment of much grey-head shaking in service clubs.

BIOGRAPHIES OF THE LIVING—AND ROYALTIES.—It is a little difficult on the face of it to quarrel with the Duke of Windsor's decision not to supply Mr. Compton Mackenzie with material for a biography of himself. Whether the decision should have been earlier announced is another question on which one is not competent to express a view. One is however entitled to hold and to express an opinion about the modern tendency to write biographies of living persons. To the best of my knowledge it is a modern excrescence and an undesirable one. Everybody who writes biography knows that even a decade after the death of his subject a biography is unlikely to cover the whole ground and give a true picture without suppression of vital truth. A right judgment can only be reached when the feelings of living persons no longer require the suppression of intimate details. How much greater then must be the difficulties of a biographer when his subject is actually living. Obviously no true and therefore no important picture can be achieved. Before the war a biography of a living person was almost as rare as a statue raised to the living; and rightly so. In my view the fashion of writing "biographies" of royal personages has been grossly exploited for commercial ends. Neither age nor sex is spared. Royal children have been treated as "serious" subjects and a greedy public has eagerly swallowed them. A democracy which adores its Royal House and revels in details of its manner of life demands no doubt the supplying of a certain amount of healthy publicity concerning its doings, but the vehicle of "full dress biography" is the wrong vehicle, for it does service neither to a great branch of literature nor to the royal subjects exploited. If on the other hand the aim of a biography of a living royal person is not healthy publicity or commercial profit (call it which you please), but on the contrary propaganda, a defence or a criticism, then it seems to me the objection is not less strong. A man, be he prince or peasant, is what he is and no man can long hide his character under a bushel. There are indeed more people know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows. So far as I know none of our living Royalties require defending or criticising in public, and defence or criticism will serve neither the nation nor the subject chosen. Mr. Mackenzie is a very trenchant, hard-hitting writer who cannot mince his words. He is among biographers a controversialist, as his writings on Charles Edward, for example, prove. I do not believe—it is a humble but honest opinion—that a life of the Duke of Windsor, who is still a young man, while it would be competent, stimulating, and generous,



THE NEW BUILDINGS OF LONDON HOUSE which, as shown in another picture on this page, were opened a few days ago by Her Majesty Queen Mary. The place now has residential accommodation for seventy-five students from the Dominions and Colonies and a most comprehensive library. The architect is Sir Herbert Baker, R.A.

would to-day be in the best interests of the nation as a whole or of the Duke in particular.

THE DELECTABLE DUCHY.—The King assuredly has enjoyed some changes of scene and climate in the course of his business and recreation in the last weeks. He enjoyed three days of cold bright shooting weather such as Norfolk specialises in at this time of year (and incidentally at a morning flight into a tiny piece of water secured to his own gun a very remarkable bag of duck, not far short of 100). Then he was back in London, to travel by night to the West Country where he woke on Wednesday morning to find a scented, showery morning, mild and delicious, with

QUEEN MARY OPENS AN EMPIRE HOME: Her Majesty seated on t dais at London House, Mecklenburgh Square, where on December she inaugurated the new buildings erected by the Dominion Student Hall Trust as a centre of collegiate life for British male student from the Dominions and Colonies. The premises include the Gre Hall, presented by Mr. D. M. Bevan Evans, the Charles Parsons Mem rial Library (named after the great engineer), and a residential wi

that promise of spring, intoxicating and alas! misleading, which only south-western England and Wales can supply as a *mi-carême* in the dark days before Christmas. Such changes of weather may not be very favourable for throwing off winter colds but both sorts individually are very agreeable by contrast to the gloom of London's non-stop fogs and must have been a very pleasant change for the King. The Moor and all Cornwall are steeped in tradition and romance. Here are the surviving strongholds of folk lore tradition from King Arthur legends to tales of demoniac appearances, and it was pleasant and apt that the quaint survivals of manorial customs should be revived in the presence of the royal manor-lord. In the course of his "rent collection" the King amassed among other revenues a pound of pepper with dish, 100 shillings, a bow d'arburne, a grey riding cloak, a leash of long dogs, a pair of gilt spurs, a salmon spear, a pound of cummin, a pair of gloves, and a bundle of faggots. Some he returned, some he released for charity. Elsewhere he smilingly received a couple of tenants clad in goat skins, whether worn as

penance for malfeasance or in full rent-quittance history knows but did not relate. That the occasion was joyous and immensely charged with goodwill on all sides needs no saying. The evidence of eye witnesses and of photographs makes it very clear.

BIRTH-RATE "INTRUSION."—There is much bunkum talked round the "jealously-guarded liberty of the subject" in Britain. For first the "subject" is not at liberty at all, but chained and fettered by a thousand necessary and petty restrictions. May he travel abroad? May he hire a maid from Austria? May he buy a vehicle and drive it on the road? May he have measles in his house and get over it in silence? May he live or die without constant slavery to officialdom? He may not. And, secondly, he is not fit to be free where he lives in a mass. Non-interference in the liberty of the subject is still an article of government policy in domestic affairs. That liberty has constantly to be clipped, and because it has been clipped too slowly, a thousand scandals and misfortunes have grown and overcome us—the road death tragedy, for one. Liberty (of that sort) is an ideal and a glorious one, but it can only be granted in practice in thinly populated areas. The bigger the crowd, the bigger the proportion of third-party risk, of fools and knaves. Therefore, screams about interference in the liberty of the subject on the question of a birth-rate inquisition or questionnaire are highly ridiculous. Fettered with forms we are, but we are still very little dictator-ridden. Our bureaucracy is often stupid but very seldom discourteous, for it is afraid of democracy like its political chiefs. Statistics (or an ancient machinery for collecting statistics which we still employ) tell us very little which is incontrovertible. We should be wrong not to endeavour to find out something more accurate and convincing about the present state of fertility, even though the information will not help us to decide whether it is in our interest or not to stimulate fertility at once or to wink at a temporary reduction in population (even if it mean raising the ratio of the old folk), in order to make life in this small island more tolerable. It is a large question and it is possible we have taken the anticipated decline too seriously. France has groaned about it since I can remember. But we certainly ought to know where we stand and the Government is entitled to, and right to ask us to help towards that knowledge. Interference with our liberty? To ask a woman to state her age for a private record. What egotism, what bunkum! O liberty, elusive shadow, what crimes are committed in thy name!

FUN WITHOUT MUCH VULGARITY.—Mr. Herbert shocked the House in his intervention on the Population (Statistics) Bill. So it was said. He did not shock me who only read him. Perhaps his spoken word was accompanied by "sinister suggestiveness." He made a free use of the word "bastard," commonly used by the licentious soldiery, but then it is a good old English word and, for that matter, institution. He was pointed and funny as he often is, but he is more than the House's licensed humorist, he is The-Man-Who-Gets-Things-Done. In his birth-rate inquisition speech I found him less logical than usual. For he bitterly criticised the official intention of securing intimate details from the public and declared he would resist such inquisition into his own private life; and thereupon banqueted the House on tit-bits and intimate details of his own married life and potential fertility. He seemed indeed the ideal whom every Registrar would wish to examine. He protested too much. Indeed for once he appeared in his less familiar rôle, neither that of licensed humorist, nor of The Man Who Gets Things Done but of the worthy representative of the home of lost causes. But his speech was interesting for another reason. He quoted at length one of his own efforts in light verse. (What opportunities for legitimate advertisement come to author-M.P.s!) That quotation convincingly proved what a far more effective instrument is verse than oratory. In those four short stanzas he put in with infinite point the whole sum of the arguments contained in a dozen long speeches directed broadly to the argument that the conditions of modern life are the chief cause of a decline in the birth-rate.

ANOTHER LOST WORLD.—Fiction often leads fact, and the fancies of romantic writers have often guided the pioneers of exploration and scientific discovery. Drake and his kind were stimulated by legend and romantic writings to find new worlds. Jules Verne may claim to have preceded the pioneers in submarine construction (although it is true that America was experimenting with submarines as early as 1806, as a note which I came across among Kiss-me Hardy's papers informed me). Tennyson had a vision of aerial navies grappling in the blue, and so on. For in ideas, if not in brass tacks, there is no new thing under the sun. And now another fiction writer, Conan Doyle, is to be put to the test. Another lost plateau, which can only be reached by aeroplane, is to be investigated by the N.H. Museum of America. This is a tableland of Venezuela lately rediscovered on the frontier of Brazil, on Mount Auyantepuy not yet marked on any map. The new discovery is 8,000 ft. high, has a flat top and is believed to have been for centuries isolated from human life by erosion and by dense and impenetrable jungle. Dr. Tate is leading the expedition and is already preparing his plans by the Orinoco river. Conan Doyle had this area in his mind when he wrote *The Lost World;* not one of his better books, it is true.

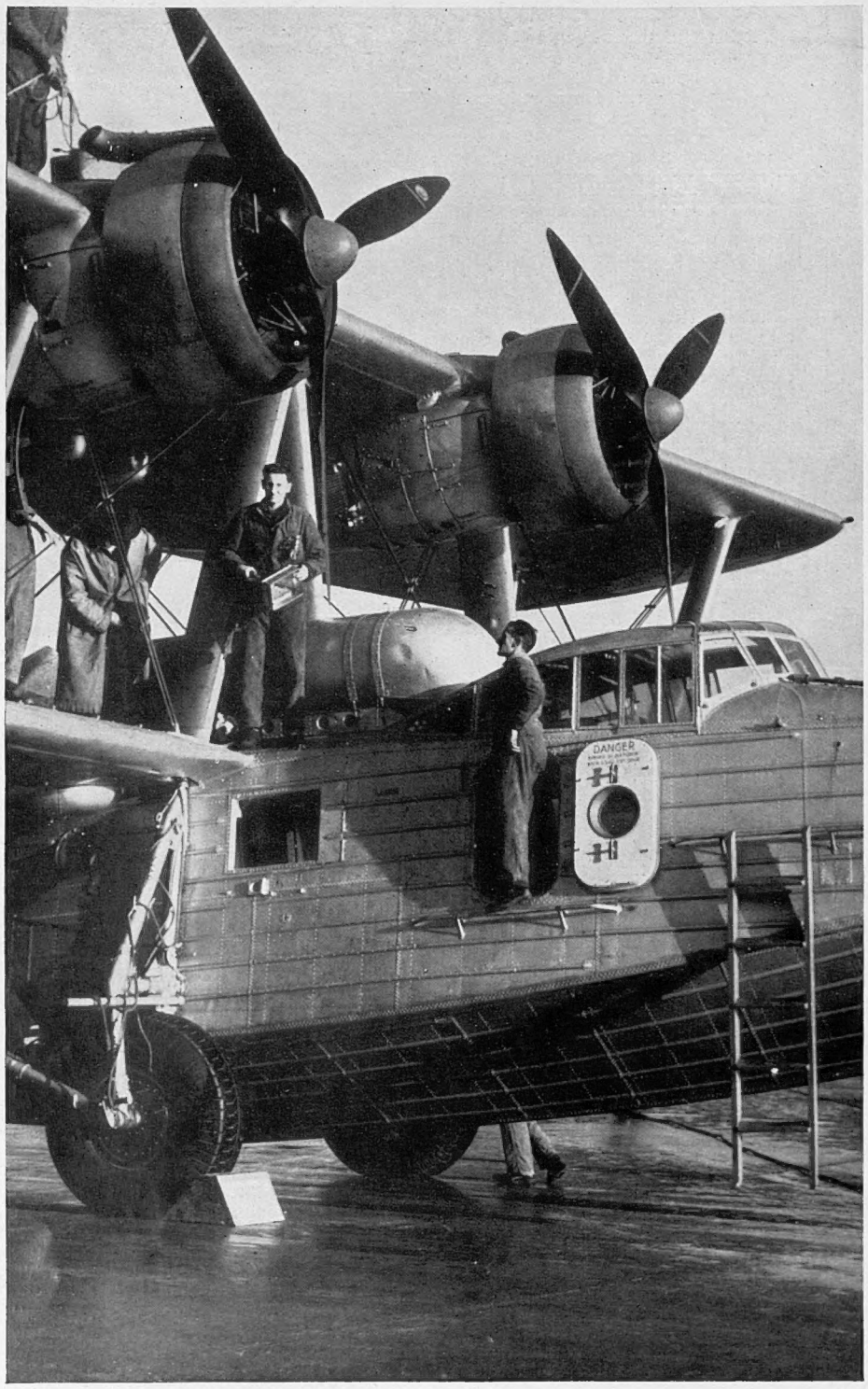
U.S. AND GREATER FIRMNESS.—The *New York Times* in a leader last week came out strong in a demand that the U.S. Government should adopt a less pusillanimous attitude towards nations which break treaties. That is good. Better still, it declares unequivocally that "every possible kind of private and public co-operation between Britons and Americans should unite against treaty breakers." It is convinced that the policy of extreme neutrality lost America her leadership in world affairs. The phrases could not have been better worded or more to our taste. But they are qualified and therein creeps a doubt as to the effectiveness of such co-operation, if brought about. "The people of the United States are set against military expeditions and rightly so." So indeed are the peoples of our Empire. "But there are effective peace measures," e.g. economic, the proposed British-American trade treaty. "The sure shadow of economic starvation on spendthrift governments which cannot wage war unless we supply them and deny supplies to their victims can be made effective as a deterrent without resort to sanctions or war." Again, the words are chosen with elaborate care and are exceptionally clear. Always presupposing that the co-operating parties have a common weapon cut to agreed purpose and with a resolve to use it. But as long as the U.S. and Britain cling to that principle of Democracy which in peace is its glory and in times of danger its chief weakness (that dear old principle of "the liberty of the subject"), so long the peaceful weapons of economic sanctions will be blunt and ineffective. No need to mention the League, and no need to rattle the sabre. But there can be no effective results from British-American co-operation until both countries are agreed on what is an act of aggression, and what sacrifices to their own traders their Governments must demand to enforce the economic sanction which *can* stop aggression, and decide finally whether and when in the very last resort they are prepared to back the peaceful, economic argument with the argument of force. It is late in the day to talk of means to combat the act of aggression now in progress in the Far East. Japan goes on her way very little disturbed by fine phrases from the West. And because the Western Powers (or those which uphold, in theory at least, respect for treaties and the rule of law) dare not define the principles on which they will take strong and concerted action, or at least have not done so hitherto, their influence and authority cut deplorably little ice in such places as Shanghai to-day.

SHOOTING AND DEMOCRACY.—A man cited to me the complaints of certain farmers and small holders in his neighbourhood of the heavy depredations of the huge stocks of pheasants reared by rich shooting-syndicates. These wealthy stockbrokers and industrial princes (said he) are quite ready to pay £400 to £500 a gun and will not be content with bags of fewer than 700 pheasants for the first-time-over beats. This remark set my memory moving back nearly thirty years. Where had we heard the same complaint voiced with terrific publicity, and by whom and against whom? Do you recall a certain speech made at Limehouse on July 30, 1909, by Mr. Lloyd George? Do you remember his tilts at the Dukes and their week-end shooting, at the pheasants rolling in fat derived from mangolds raised by the sweat of the labourer and farmer? Mr. George has learned a lot about agriculture in thirty years and I daresay a good deal about Democracy. But isn't it a curious reflection that after all these years in this particular field Privilege has not made much progress to the limbo? Mr. George routed the "Dukes," certainly. But "Privilege" has merely changed hands.

THE OLD STAGER

THE ANGLO-GERMAN FELLOWSHIP DINNER brought a notable muster to Grosvenor House, including Viscount Halifax (left), the Lord President of the Council, who only recently visited Herr Hitler; the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (centre), brother of the Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone; and Herr von Ribbentrop (right), German Ambassador to the Court of St. James. The Duke, who is president of the sister society in Germany, the Deutsche-Englische Gesellschaft, was the guest of honour, and Lord Mount Temple presided

WAY OF THE WORLD

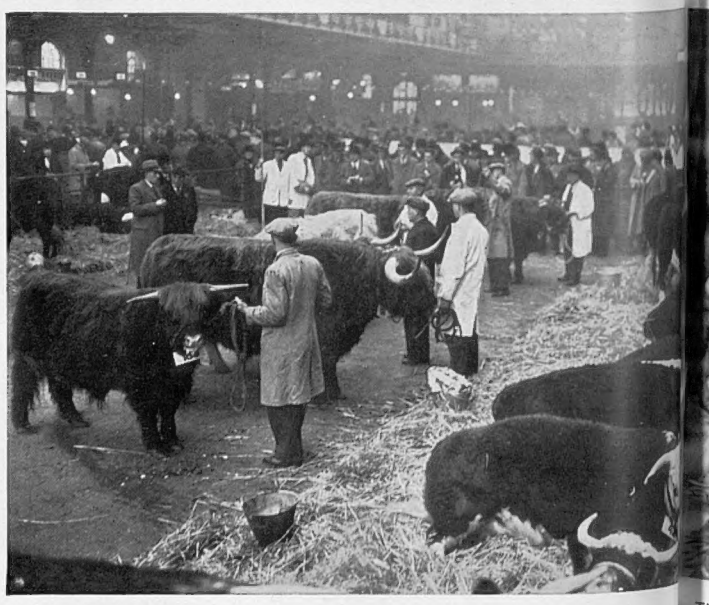


THE LONGEST FORMATION FLIGHT EVER MADE: Preparing one of the five London flying boats of No. 204 Squadron for the start of the 30,000-mile trip which they are now jointly making to Australia and back. They left Mount Batten, Plymouth, on Thursday, December 2

THE TASHI LAMA DIES AFTER THIRTEEN YEARS OF EXILE: A recent picture of the spiritual ruler of Tibet, who it has just been reported has died in China where he has been living since 1924, when differences with his more temporal colleague, the Dalai Lama, reached such a point that he was compelled to leave his country. Following the death of the Dalai Lama in 1933 it was expected his old rival would return, but he was prevented by circumstances arising at the last moment when he was actually on the Tibetan frontier. Broad-shouldered, powerfully built, and of genial manner, the Tashi Lama was a picturesque and impressive figure

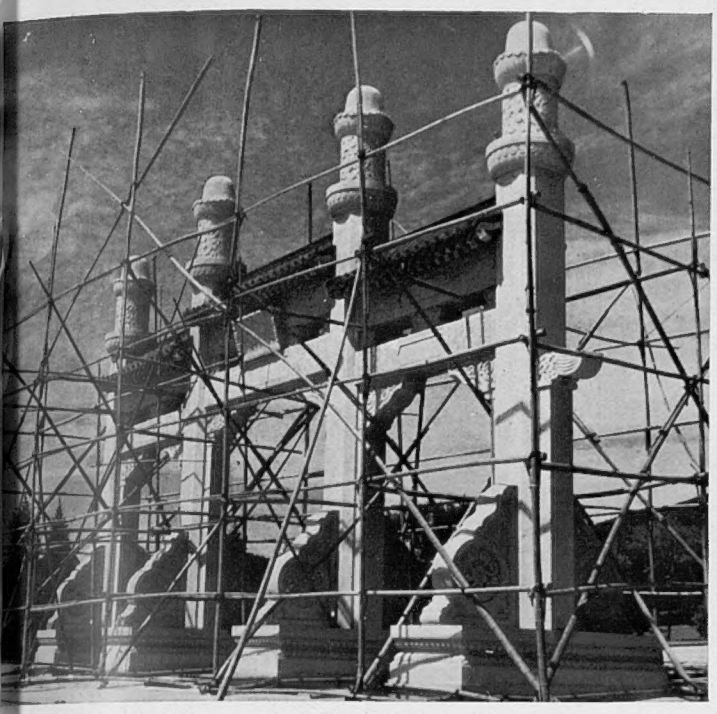
MADAME IRENE SCHMEDER FREED: The thirty-three year old French [illegible] woman being cross-questioned by counsel during her trial at Versailles [illegible] the attempted murder of her lover, M. Pierre Lallemant, whom she [illegible] during an aeroplane flight, being in despair at the prospect of a bre[illegible] in their relations. The jury, who are said to have been reduced to te[illegible] during one phase of the proceedings, found her not guilty on [illegible] principal charge, and she has now been released under an amnesty [illegible]

THEIR DAY OF REMEMBRANCE: Cadets of the Warsaw Officers Tra[illegible] School, wearing old-time uniforms of navy blue, gold, and silver, [illegible] caps with red plumes, as they marched through the capital on the 10[illegible] anniversary of the insurrection of 1831, when the young men of [illegible]



THE COUNTRY COMES TO TOWN: Cattle judging in progress at [illegible] Smithfield Club Show, which opened last Monday at the Royal Agricu[illegible] Hall, Islington, and brought to London a good representation of the [illegible] fat stock in Britain. The final parade for the cattle champio[illegible] evidenced once again the supremacy attained by the Scottish [illegible]

British Flying Boats Start Their Australian Adventure : Tibet's Spiritual Leader Passes : Warsaw Cadets Commemorate the Rising of 1831 : The Smithfield Club Show at Islington



RESTING PLACE OF A LIBERATOR: Protective scaffolding being built round the gateway of the tomb of Sun Yat Sen, the man who led China in the revolution that overthrew the reactionaries and died in 1925 before his life's work was finished. He is buried on Purple Mountain outside the walls of Nanking, China's capital city which this week was attacked by some 200,000 Japanese troops. The mountain has been bombed by Japanese planes and it is possible the memorial has been damaged

school defied the Russians and actually succeeded in capturing the Belvedere Palace, residence of Grand Duke Constantin, Poland's Russian overlord. After months of bitter fighting, in which youths of fourteen and fifteen took part, the rising was suppressed by Russian regulars

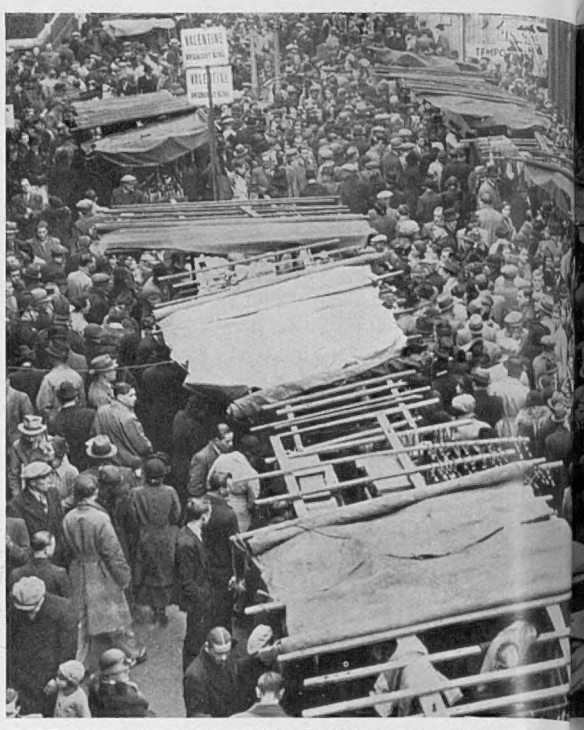
THINNING OUT LONDON'S PIGEONS: Men at work in Trafalgar Square during the task of catching some of the birds which multiply so quickly that at periodic intervals a number of them are singled out, removed in baskets, and then painlessly destroyed. The pigeons have to be kept down as otherwise they would become a public nuisance

RANK AND FASHION ROUND THE "DIAMOND HORSESHOE": A picture taken in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, during an interval in the performance of *Tristan and Isolde* at the opening of the 53rd regular season of opera there. Society turned out en masse for the occasion, which is, of course, one of the most brilliant events in the city's social calendar. No fewer than five tiers rise above the floor of the auditorium, two being devoted to boxes

NEW YORK'S ENTERTAINERS ENTERTAINED: Marita Favell, the Polish soprano, and Adolf Vogel, the German bass, two of the seven new leading members, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, arriving to attend the "at home" given by the Metropolitan Opera Guild to mark the start of the new season. The programme includes *Der Rosenkavalier*, *Siegfried*, *Manon*, *Carmen*, and *Aïda*. The last named is also being presented by the New York Hippodrome Opera Company

THE WEEK AT HOME

EDINBURGH'S BIG WEDDING: The Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale, son and heir of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, with his bride, Lady Elizabeth Percy, daughter of the late Duke of Northumberland and sister of the present Duke. The ceremony took place in St. Giles' Cathedral and was one of the most picturesque seen in the Scottish capital for many years and one of the most important in that it united two families that trace their ancestry back to the Middle Ages, being linked with many an outstanding event in history



SHOP EARLY AND AVOID THE RUSH! Judging by this crowd Petticoat Lane last week-end thousands took the advice heart with the result that there was hardly a square foot space to spare in the whole thoroughfare, while harass stall holders vainly attempted to cope with the rush

THE BRIDE CUTS THE CAKE: The Marquess and Marchioness of Clydesdale pictured together during the reception in the Assembly Rooms in George Street, Edinburgh, after the wedding in the Cathedral. *Below*—The bridegroom (second from right) with his three brothers, Lord David, Lord Malcolm, and Lord Nigel Douglas-Hamilton. The Marquess, who is thirty-four, has won distinction both as a boxer and an explorer

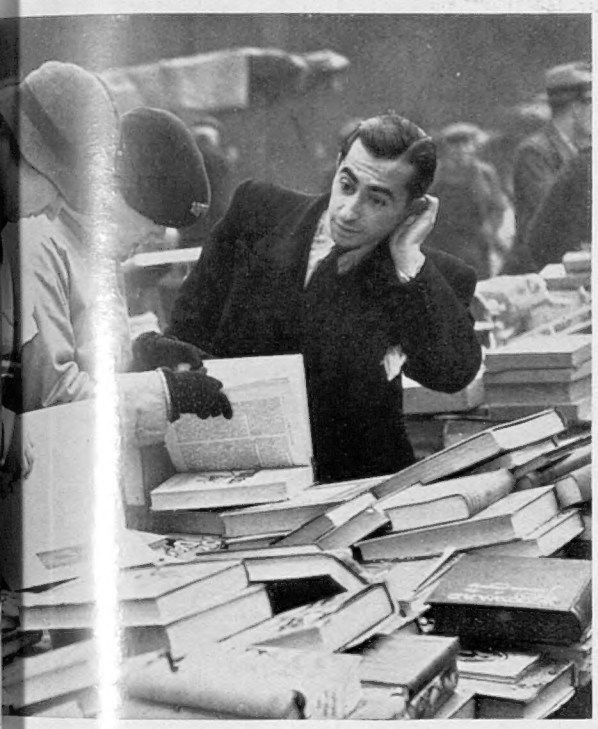
BUSY DAYS IN THE C and the turnover Second - hand boo bargains are to be to delve among

"I AM SORRY, I CAN SAY NOTHING AT ALL" said Lady Anne Cavendish-Bentinck (centre) when questioned this week regarding rumours linking her name with a member of the Belgian Royal family. She is pictured here with her sister Lady Margaret (right) and Miss Grosvenor at the Marquess of Clydesdale's wedding. All three were bridesmaids

MRS. KAY PETRE HEALTH: The who for many days after her Brookland has now made a

The Marriage of the Marquess of Clydesdale and Lady Elizabeth Percy : Christmas Looms Ahead : A Lonsdale MS. Treasure in the Auction Room

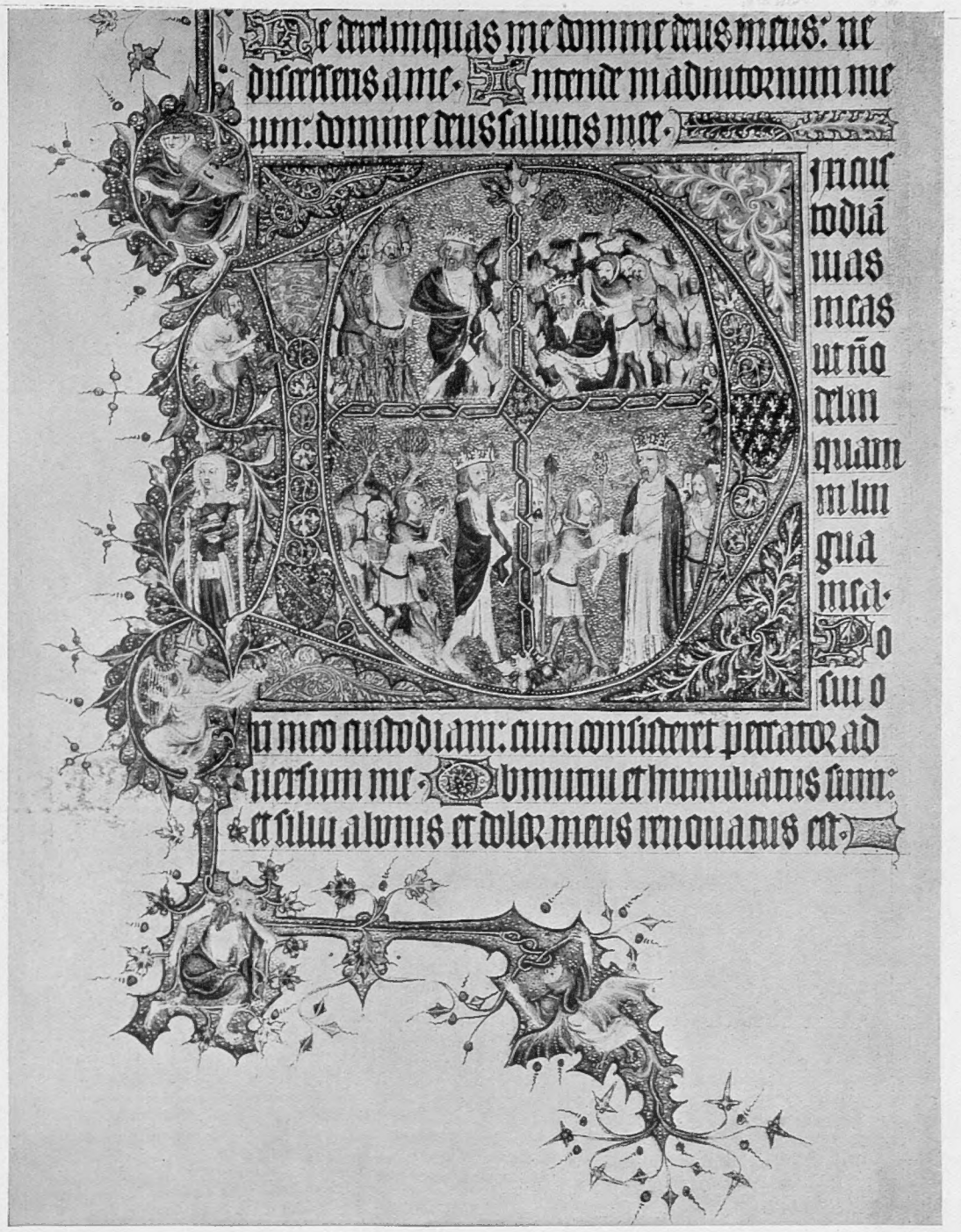
customers. Despite the forebodings of a small minority who, reading the latest unemployment figures, foresee a slump ahead, business bids fair to be as brisk as ever this Christmas, and already banks have announced they are ready to meet a more than usually increased note circulation during the next week or so



DONIAN MARKET: This is another spot where business is brisk that vast, semi-open-air emporium is reaching formidable figures. always attract attention, and it is really remarkable what for a few pence provided the potential purchaser has the patience rubbish. Even to-day rare first editions are occasionally picked up

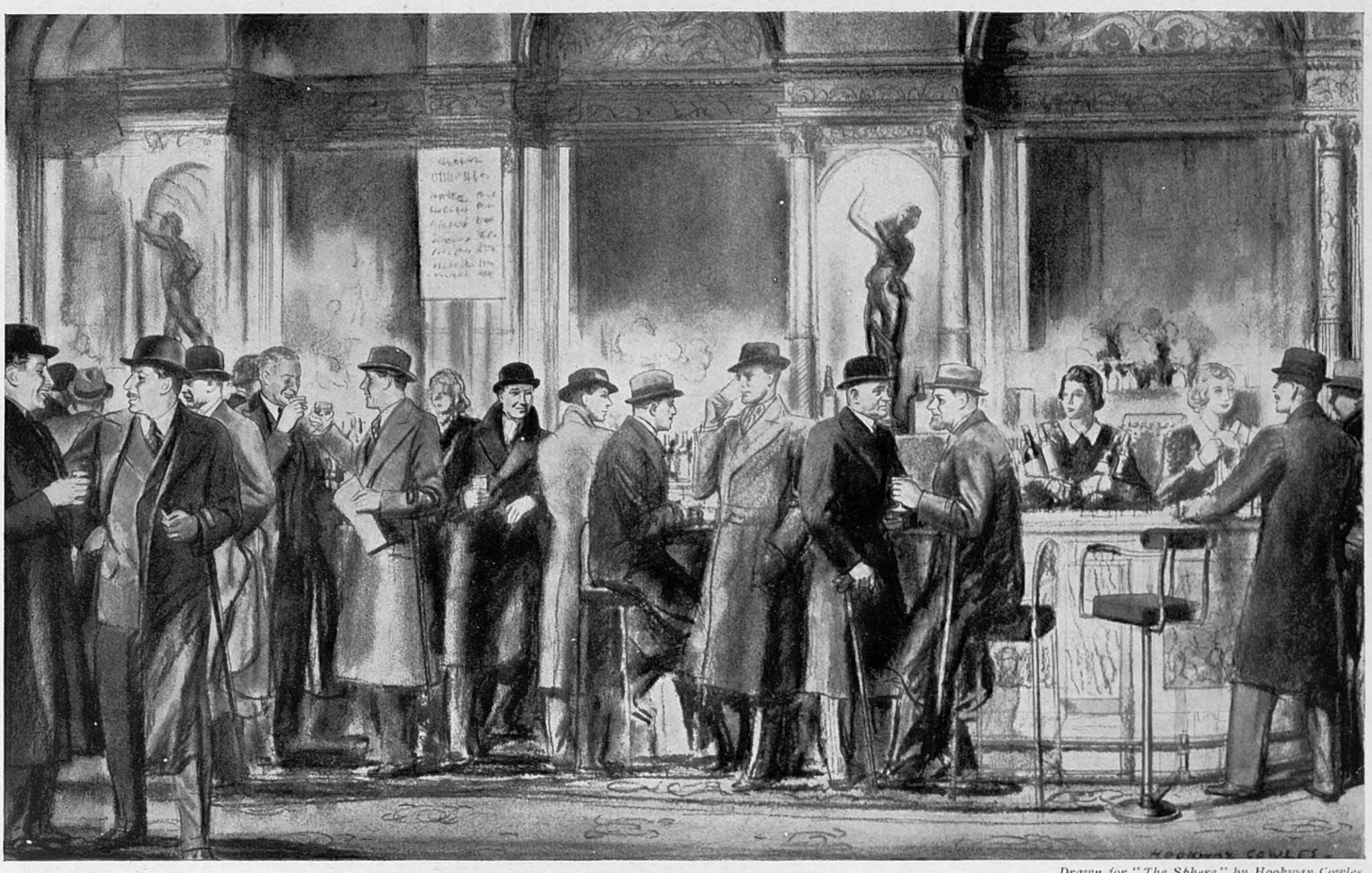
STORED TO woman driver, unconscious cident and who plete recovery

FLYING OFFICER CLOUSTON MARRIED: The hero of the recent double flight from London to the Cape and back pictured with his bride, Miss Elsie Turner. Their wedding took place at the end of last week



THE HENRY IV PSALTER SOLD FOR £5,000: This is one of the beautiful historiated initials, dealing with incidents in the life of Saul and David, contained in the manuscript which was auctioned on Monday at Sotheby's on behalf of the Earl of Lonsdale and purchased by Mr. Ernest Maggs, the dealer. The psalter was executed for Henry of Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford (eldest son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster), after his accession to the throne in 1399 as King Henry IV. and presumably before his second marriage early in 1403. It has fifteen large initials, each divided into four compartments and painted on grounds of burnished gold

THE GLAMOUR GIRLS OF GROSVENOR HOUSE: These charming dancers are providing the current attraction in the cabaret. Their gold mesh dresses are exceedingly heavy and it is remarkable how they can wear them with such grace and such apparent freedom of movement. Their headdresses are also rather striking



Drawn for "The Sphere" by Hookway Cowles

"TIME PLEASE, GENTLEMEN" was called for the last time on December 2 in the Long Bar at the Trocadero, W.—one of the best-known bars in the Empire and the meeting place of British "exiles" for almost forty years. Immediately afterwards a squad of workmen began the task of dismantling the historic room in order that a new and modern cocktail bar might be prepared in its place in time for the Christmas festivities. Coinciding with the first blows of the picks and crowbars wrenching at the panelled walls, a last toast was drunk to the memory of the bar and to the spirit of comradeship it represented in the minds of thousands of men overseas. Opened in 1901, the Long Bar was the forerunner of a series of bars with the same title in all parts of the world, the most famous of which, perhaps, is in Singapore. During the war period the bar reached a peak of popularity. Men leaving for France for the first time and others home on leave, regarding it as the soldiers' "Mecca", it became a usual saying in the front line, as the men were preparing to go over the top—"I'll meet you in the Long Bar—maybe . . ."

The Beatty Touch at the War Office

Mr. Hore-Belisha Sets About the Task of Army Reform

SINCE the Crimean War the British Army has had three great reformers, Lord Esher, who re-organised it on the lessons of the South African War, Colonel Cardwell, who worked out the still existing system for home and foreign service, and Lord Haldane, creator of the small but magnificent army that went to France in 1914. To-day it has a fourth great reformer in the shape of the forty-three-year-old Secretary for War, Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha. The task that he has tackled with remarkable celerity since he succeeded Mr. Duff Cooper at the War Office is the formidable one of adapting Britain's land forces from the higher command to the newly-joined recruit to work with new equipment and above all at a new rate of mobility. He is doing at the War Office to-day what Earl Beatty and Mr. Winston Churchill did at the Admiralty, and in the process quite a lot of mental cobwebs are being dispelled.

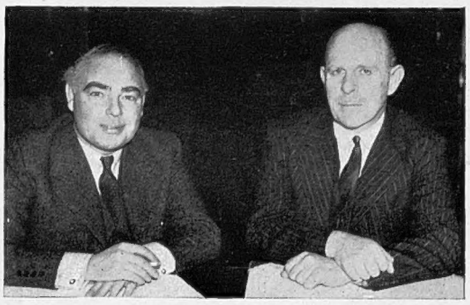
When Mr. Hore-Belisha took over his present post the attractiveness of the Regular Army, and consequently the flow of recruits to it, was a diminishing quantity, so much so that the deficiency was becoming dangerously large. The Territorial Army was expanding steadily, but in the case of the anti-aircraft units not so quickly as was desired. He therefore set out to widen the avenues of entry into the Regular Army, make it more attractive, and publicise the Army as a whole. The problem of getting Service battalions at home something near to a strength making training in the field faintly akin to reality, and of furnishing drafts for the autumn trooping season was the most pressing one, so in August a scheme was introduced designed to attract men already serving or on the Reserve. Men now serving are allowed to stay on with the Colours instead of passing to the Reserve for the last five of the twelve years of their engagement; men already gone to Sections A and B of the Reserve are permitted to rejoin, stay on for a further period after the twelve years and qualify for a pension after twenty-one years' service.

Thus for the first time the Army has been placed on the same standard as the Navy, for which there is no lack of recruits, in that it offers the young man a definite career with a pension, and something more than a short period of service with the employment exchange queue at the end of it. It is admittedly a stop-gap scheme to meet an emergency and open to the criticism that it might lead to a depletion of the Reserve, but it has been followed by further reforms. The age limit for enlistment in combatant regiments has been raised from twenty-five to twenty-eight, together with the acceptance into any regiment or corps of married men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five and a lowering of the age limit at which marriage allowances become payable. Previously no married man was accepted for enlistment in the Regular Army.

At the same time steps have been taken to make conditions within the service more attractive. Previous to Mr. Belisha's appointment concessions had been made with regard to stoppages from men's pay, by giving free issues of certain kit such as padlocks for lockers, regimental canes, mugs, gymnasium shoes and shorts and extra buttons that recruits had had to buy out of their pay. The result is a saving of about £2 to the recruit in his first year of service, while trained soldiers now get a free issue of tropical kit, with a resulting saving of about £2 15s. In addition cleaning bags, coat hangers, and suitcases are no longer charged for, and regimental subscriptions are limited to 3s. per month. The amounts involved do not seem large, but "stoppages" were a real grievance.

One of Mr. Belisha's most revolutionary reforms has been to permit all soldiers of twenty-one years of age or over in home stations to sleep out of barracks so long as they behave themselves properly, perform their duties, and are not late for parades. This proposal met with fierce criticism in some quarters, but Mr. Belisha has recognised that the habits of the soldier, and the home he comes from, have changed a great deal since 1914. Barracks are being made more comfortable, and over £1,000,000 is to be spent on new quarters.

The critic may ask what has been the result of these reforms. The answer is that to-day the average weekly rate of inflow of recruits for the Regular Army is more than double what it was 12 months ago, the men are of a higher mental and physical standard, an appreciable number of Reservists have rejoined and the public consciousness of the importance of the Army is infinitely greater. The problem of getting enough men for the Army is very far from solution, but a real beginning has been made.



YOUTH AT THE HELM: Forty-three-year-old Secretary of State for War, Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, and fifty-one-year-old, Viscount Gort the new C.I.G.S.

Another important step is the establishment at Canterbury of a centre where men who want to join the Army but are not up to the physical standard will undergo a special course of remedial exercises and training on a special diet. This is the outcome of a successful experiment started last year at the Army School of Physical Training at Aldershot. It was successful because of the untiring efforts of the Commandant and staff of the School, and they have proved that it is possible to take men suffering from flat feet, curved spines, and the results of bad or deficient feeding, and make them into fit, keen soldiers.

On the administrative side Mr. Hore-Belisha has made several vital changes. The most important are of course the changes on the Army Council, whereby General Viscount Gort, V.C., becomes Chief of the Imperial General Staff at fifty-one, Major-General Liddell Adjutant-General at fifty-four, and a sailor, Engineer Vice-Admiral Sir Harold Brown, the holder of the combined offices of Director-General of Munitions Production and Master-General of the Ordnance. These and other changes reduce the average age of the Army Council by about ten years.

All the new-comers are soldiers of proved high efficiency, and while the new C.I.G.S. has been criticised as having all the necessary qualities save experience he has proved himself a magnificent fighting soldier and a capable administrator possessing tactical knowledge of the first order.

Army reform is not yet nearly complete. The real stumbling-block to recruiting, the low rates of pay as compared with the Navy and Air Force and those obtainable in civilian employment, has still to be removed. Impressed by what he saw on the French Army manœuvres this autumn, Mr. Belisha seems to envisage the establishment of a body something like France's supreme war council, embodying the Army Council and the G.O.C.s of the various commands. Much remains to be done, but in six short months much has been done. The Army is coming into its own again. The thing needed now is a great national recruiting drive, and Mr. Belisha has shown already that he thoroughly understands the value of publicity. But to be successful it must be based on two essentials, better pay for the regular officer and soldier, and more and better equipment for the Territorial Army.

J. Baker White

PALESTINE PANORAMA

ARMED WITH RIFLE AND BANDOLIER: This Jewish woman, fully equipped to defy the terrorist gangs, is one of the pioneer settlers in the agricultural colony at Ramath Rachel, between Jerusalem and Bethlehem. Several attacks have lately been made on the place

THE C.-in-C. RELAXES: Major-General A. P. Wavell (left), who took over command of our forces in Palestine in August last, pictured in the grandstand at Lydda flying field during a recent horse-race meeting held there. Under the new army reorganisation scheme Major-General Wavell is to be G.O.C.-in-C. Southern Command

JAFFA STILL A DANGER POINT: Steel-helmeted British troops on duty at the entrance to a mosque, across which is placed a barbed-wire barrier. Conditions in the city remain far from satisfactory, but Jerusalem is the chief centre of disturbance, a curfew having had to be re-imposed since November 11. In the interests of public security, it has also been decided to set up military courts for the trial of persons caught in terrorist activities or even found bearing arms

A CONVOY FORGATHERS: A machine-gun-equipped lorry ready to escort buses through a terrorist infested region outside Jaffa. It is only in this way that the safety of travellers can be ensured, although it naturally slows up commercial intercourse between centres of population. *On right*—Young people in bathing kit beside the shores of the Dead Sea where quite an important pleasure resort has grown up of late, attracting visitors from Jerusalem

b

HAUSSMANN: MAKER of MODERN PARIS

BARON GEORGES HAUSSMANN, who became Prefect of the Seine in 1853 and in this capacity undertook the remoulding of Paris. He was much criticised at the time not only for his ruthless destruction of picturesque old buildings but for his recklessly wholesale expenditure of money

In his Day he was Reviled and Opposed, now Few Recall him, but the Immensity of the Work he Accomplished is Plain to see in the Spacious Lay-out of the French Capital as we know it

By HARRY J. GREENWALL

THE Paris Exhibition of 1937 closes down, and the French capital is endowed with another permanent landmark: the new Trocadero.

Exhibitions come and go, but each leaves behind something of steel or stone, the tower built by Eiffel or the Grand Palais, relic of the gay 'nineties. Parisians love their glamorous city, but they take it for granted. Foreigners go and admire, and read columns of small print in red guide books, but only the few have asked: "Who built Paris?", for, they say, it must have been some man of vision, some genius, who took the pains to plan this wonderful city. Who was it?

It was, in point of fact, a very curious man who built Paris. The almost unknown builder was the Baron Haussmann, whose only memorial in the beautiful city he planned is one of the most cumbersome and dull avenues: the Boulevard Haussmann.

Scenario writers in search of a new film story might do worse than look into the archives of the Paris libraries and find out something about this man, Baron Georges Eugène Haussmann, who might well be called the Forgotten Man.

The Baron came of an Alsatian family, but he was a Protestant, and the family had, since some years, moved to Versailles where Baron Georges was born in 1809.

THE LAST OF THE RUE DE LA MONTAGNE SAINTE GENEVIEVE: When this drawing appeared in *The Illustrated London News* of July 24, 1858, it was pointed out regretfully that the street was undergoing the most radical alterations, and before long would be rendered unrecognisable. At this time Baron Haussmann was forging ahead with his grandiose plans for converting Paris from a city of narrow streets to one of broad boulevards

Baron Haussmann led a very quiet youth. There is nothing particularly striking known about his early life, but the first thing I find about him of any interest is when he went to the Conservatoire to study the violoncello. This was in 1825. Five years later we find him taking part in the July Revolution, but after that excitement he was moved away from Paris and became an assistant to the Prefect of Poitiers. There he stayed until 1848.

Baron Haussmann was moved around in the Civil Service until 1853 when, during the Third Empire, the idea suddenly came to him to make something beautiful out of Paris. At the time the idea struck the Baron, there was a wall surrounding what was then Paris. It was a wall called the Octroi wall, which meant a place where duties could be collected on all foodstuffs entering the city. This wall continued in one form or another until many years after Baron Haussmann was dead, but it is only during the past few years that this wall, which became known as the fortifications, was torn down and replaced by new blocks of flats.

The first thing that Baron Haussmann worked at was the suburbs of Paris within the great metropolis. He found that what we call to-day Montmartre and Auteuil were outside the town. The rue de Rivoli stopped short at the Louvre. There was no such thing as the Place de l'Etoile. Haussmann set to to tear down all the tiny little streets in which so many crimes were committed at night. Gradually he began to draft out on paper what appeared to be a grandiose dream.

Baron Haussmann asked the Paris Municipal Councillors to vote him the sum of 50,000,000 francs to carry out his dream. They threw up their hands in dismay. They screamed, whistled, and catcalled. They laughed at the vain idea of embellishing Paris. But Baron Haussmann went on dreaming and very soon we find that with the promise of some money, he set to work. The first thing he did was to continue the rue de Rivoli past its stopping place at the Louvre. Then he turned his attention to the streets around the Sorbonne, and a little later he began to build what are to-day the Central Markets of Paris.

In 1852 Baron Haussmann thought he would change the Bois de Boulogne to something which he intended to make a copy of Hyde Park. The Baron was particularly taken with the idea of making a Serpentine which would be used in the Bois. Under the Baron's directions workmen started to dig, but the bed of the river fell in and everything had to be stopped.

Baron Haussmann had large ideas in more senses than one. He liked wide open spaces. For instance, it was the Baron who created the Avenue de l'Impératrice, which later became known as the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, and which to-day is baptised the Avenue du Maréchal Foch. The Baron instructed an architect named Hittors to draw up plans for this avenue which was to have two sub-avenues of trees on either side. When the plans were presented to him the Baron took a pencil and increased the proposed width of the avenue considerably.

The next idea which came to him was to start a series of fêtes in Paris. Quite candidly, he told his friends that he had copied this idea from a visit to London, when the Lord Mayor invited him to the English capital in 1855. Baron Haussmann used to go out walking through the streets of London, making notes on the backs of envelopes. He was enormously impressed—so he told his friends—by the way in which the Houses of Parliament were lighted through the ceiling.

In 1855 the first international exhibition was held in Paris. A deputation came from the City of London, headed by the Lord Mayor. Queen Victoria also came, to the great joy of Baron Haussmann, who named a Paris avenue after the Queen.

Besides creating beautiful wide avenues and streets, Baron Haussmann also turned his attention to the centre of the city, and began to pull down streets so that traffic could circulate in an easier manner. Apart from all the eye could see, Baron Haussmann was the first man to create the drainage system in Paris, and for many years the only sewerage that Paris knew was the one that the Baron had planned.

Three years after the first international exhibition was over, Baron Haussmann was in despair. The city of Paris had no more money to carry out his ideas. "Let us spend," said the Baron, "let us make Paris a city of marble; the foreigner will come, and he will pay."

Then Baron Haussmann had an idea which was really genius. He went and attended a meeting of the Paris Municipal Council and said to them: "If you agree to build a number of wide avenues and long straight streets it will be so much easier for the army to defend the city in times of trouble. Remember the riots of 1830." The Councillors were impressed and they agreed there and then to form a fund which would be fed by bonds. But once again Baron Haussmann came up against trouble. He was not a financier; he did not understand speculation. But thousands of Parisians understood it and when the Baron came to buy land he found that others had been there before him, and prices had increased threefold. There was still more trouble in store.

Parisians themselves got angry at the creation of new avenues. Baron Haussmann was attacked in the press. There were articles saying: "Paris is magnificent, but upside down." All over the city there were deep trenches and the streets looked as they might have done after a bombardment.

The Baron went on, taking no notice of his detractors. He said, and he wrote at the time, that British influence had weighed very greatly with him. The transformation of the Champs Elysées was due to British influence. So with the Luxemburg Gardens, and the increasing of the Vincennes wood. Then Baron Haussmann started to build churches; the famous Notre-Dame des Champs, St. Augustin, and Trinité, were all due to his conception. He caused synagogues to be built, one in the rue de la Victoire and the other in the rue de la Tournelle. Hospitals and town halls followed, so did many theatres.

It was the Baron Haussmann who caused the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt to be built and also the Chatelet, which is the Paris equivalent of Drury Lane. Then he built the Vaudeville, where for many years Madame Réjane reigned supreme. To-day this theatre is a cinema. He also built the Variétés, which was the home of light comedy for years and years. The Opera House was due to the genius of the Baron Haussmann, and so was the Gymnase Theatre, the home for years of melodrama.

The next thing Baron Haussmann did was to improve the outskirts of Paris: Auteuil, Passy, Batignolles, Belleville, Bercy, Grenelle, Vaugirard and the Ternes quarter. He believed now that all was plain sailing. He became a minor member of the Government, and between the years 1860–1862 he was at his zenith. When his daughter married, the day was declared a public holiday and all the shops and offices in Paris closed down.

But trouble was still to come. In 1867 was held the Second International Exhibition. Baron Haussmann was determined to attract as many foreigners to Paris as possible. He induced Offenbach to compose the *Grand Duchess of Gerolstein*. It is said that the Tsar Alexander of Russia was so impressed that he exclaimed: "In front of this Queen which is Paris, we Tsars and Emperors are nothing but commoners."

Then came terrible financial difficulties. Somebody had to pay, but instead of the State paying all expenses it only paid part, and Paris had to borrow heavily at high rates of interest, but that was not the end of the trouble.

(*Continued on page* 488)

THE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY CHURCH OF ST. JOHN LATERAN which was demolished in 1859 in order to clear a way for Haussmann's new street, the rue des Ecoles. This was how *The Illustrated London News* of March 12, 1859, described the changes that were taking place at the time:—"The quaint old pieces of architecture which adorned Paris in the Middle Ages are fast disappearing before the ruthless pickaxe of the démolisseur; and the ancient gable roofs, the little turrets of the corner houses, and the finely sculptured old fronts of other buildings become more and more rare as each year succeeds year"

JAPAN: A Girl Glider Pilot | CHINA: A Railway Bridge Wrecked

SAIL PLANE ENTHUSIAST

The daughter of Count Matsudaira, head of an aristocratic Japanese family, has taken enthusiastically to the sport of gliding and is pictured here with her plane on the flying field at Matsuto-Machi, near Tokyo

AWKWARD: Chinese bombing planes smashed up this bridge on the Peiping-Hankow railway just as a locomotive was crossing, and as a result greatly added to the work of the Japanese engineers who had to carry out repairs with all speed. The Japanese now hold a long stretch of this strategically-important railroad, but they are having a hard task in keeping communications open owing to the frequency of raids. This has, of course, held up the advance southwards

WHEN THE FLEET'S IN: Looking across the harbour from Hong Ko New Territories which form part of the Crown Colony. Kowloon w of 1860 and since 1911 has been connected by railway with the Chi

As the Sino-Japanese struggle grows in scope and intensity British subjects find themselves near the scene of operations in a second area. The latest place to leap into the news is Kowloon (the mainland part of Hong Kong colony) for at the end of last month it was reported that the Chinese section of the line linking the city with Canton had been repeatedly bombed by the Japanese, thus temporarily suspending the service and considerably affecting business interests. On Wednesday of last week there was another shock when it became known that Japanese troops, estimated to be 50,000 strong, had landed on Chekkai island, 70 miles south-west of Hong Kong, the landing clearly presaging operations against Canton.

The island of Hong Kong was ceded to the British crown in 1841 and this was confirmed a year later by the Treaty of Nanking and in 1858 by the Treaty of Tientsin. The peninsula of Kowloon, which forms the subject of the accompanying article, was ceded by the Convention of Peking in 1860, and in 1898 the limits of British territory were enlarged by the inclusion of an additional portion of the mainland under lease for a term of ninety-nine years. The whole of these various areas is now administered as a Crown Colony by virtue of Letters Patent of 1917

SEPARATED from the island of Hong Kong by a narrow channel of water, Kowloon (once "Kaulong," the old walled city of the Nine Dragons) lies snugly on the mainland with about 376 sq. miles of the New Territories stretching behind it to the frontiers of China.

HIS EXCELLENCY MAJOR-GENERAL ARTHUR WOLLASTON BARTHOLOMEW, C.B., C.M.G., General Officer Commanding British Troops, China, since 1935. His headquarters are at Hong Kong, but since the start of the Sino-Japanese war he has naturally been concentrating on conditions in Shanghai where our men have been engaged in the defence of the International Settlement

Socially there is still quite a distinct line of cleavage between Hong Kong and Kowloon—although it is no longer a case of "Are you married or do you live in Kowloon?"! But residents on the Peak (above a certain point on which Chinese are not allowed to sleep) think Kowloon is quite impossible, and Kowloon residents retaliate by saying that nothing would induce them to live among the mists of the Peak.

The "social tone" of Kowloon is largely maintained by the Army. Approximately, four regiments are permanently garrisoned there, and the officers are compelled to live in Kowloon. The Air Force is also stationed on the Kowloon Peninsula, at Kai Tak (about six miles farther into the New Territories), and the civil aerodrome, which functions in the same district, accounts for a fairly large area of activity which, owing to the very rapid advance of civil aviation, is steadily growing.

Another important focal point of the social life of Kowloon is the Peninsula Hotel. This, apart from being a very pronounced geographical feature, houses a great many semi-permanent residents, some of whom previously lived on Hong Kong side in the Peak Hotel. This former land-mark of Hong Kong has recently been closed down, and the Peninsula (under the same management), now fills the breach.

It holds a commanding position, looking right over the harbour to the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, and as the ferries run every few minutes between Kowloon and Hong Kong, costing only ten

GOLDEN SANDS: One of the many delightful bathing beaches in the New Territories, Hong Kong colony's mainland area which is leased to Britain for ninety-nine years under the Peking Convention of 186

KOWLOON FROM THE AIR: Dominating this view of the mainland city facing Hong Ko proper is the Peninsula Hotel on Nathan Road, focal point of social life, and in the fo ground is the Kowloon-Canton Railway, an up-to-date system with the fastest express ser

BRITAIN IN CHINA: KOWLOON

A Part of the Crown Colony of Hong Kong that Stands on the Mainland and Thus Has a Very Special Interest at This Juncture in View of Its Proximity to Canton, Objective of the Japanese Bombing Planes

island to the Kowloon peninsula and the added to the colony by the Peking Treaty city of Canton, seventy miles distant

There is a beautiful modern magistracy, an imposing station (the terminus of the Canton-Kowloon Railway), a garden estate (of attractively laid-out modern houses with miniature gardens), a picturesque old city (of such filth and smells that it is only possible to enjoy the picturesqueness in the winter), an impressive new reservoir known as the Shing Mun Dam (built by the famous water engineer Gifford Hull), and even an Association of Kowloon Residents, which meets periodically to discuss measures of dealing with the growing menace of bag-snatching and other social evils.

And if you want to catch a glimpse of the real China you have only to drive slowly round the New Territories—where some of the best rice in south China is grown—and watch the coolies (women mostly) at work in the lush green paddy fields, with the age-old water-buffalo plough. Or quarrying in their hundreds (often with babies strapped on their backs) for wolfram, that valuable ore which, if found to be present in the quantity anticipated, will revolutionise the New Territories and Kowloon peninsula.

IN FULL CRY: The local drag hunt galloping across enclosed country in the New Territories lying beyond Kowloon

Apart from this, the complete social round can be, and is, enjoyed in Kowloon. As a shopping centre it is definitely cheaper than Hong Kong, although possibly the selection is not quite so wide. Tailors are as good, if not better, and flowers—such beautiful flowers—are half the price.

After shopping in Kowloon one repairs to what the rickshaw coolies call the "Sarsee"—their phonetic rendering of the cents and taking barely ten minutes, it is no hardship to Hong Kong workers to live thus "on the other side."

Many famous people have stayed at the Peninsula (without the "r"), including Noel Coward, who, one is told, spent a whole week there without moving outside, while he finished one of his plays.

The bulk of the residents in Kowloon is made up by the Services, largely including the Navy. For although H.M.'s Dockyard is in Hong Kong, N.O.'s find it pleasanter and cheaper to park their families in Kowloon, with its many amenities.

There is an excellent children's school, and a splendid hospital; the whole of the beautiful New Territories for walking, climbing, exploring and picnicking, and the beaches for bathing and boating. There are clubs, tennis courts, golf courses, riding schools, a polo ground, libraries, a racecourse, a point-to-point course, and even a drag hunt.

in China. The British section of the line was opened to traffic in 1910 and through connection with Canton began a year later. The Chinese section has just been bombed by the Japanese, about thirty-eight planes joining in the attack

THE LIE OF THE LAND: A sketch map showing the relationship between the island, on which stands Victoria, capital of Hong Kong, and the city of Kowloon on the peninsula directly opposite. The New Territories lie beyond and border Kwangtung Province

frequent and taxis incredibly cheap, apart from the ubiquitous rickshaw and chair.

Dinner with friends in Kowloon is often followed by dancing in the Rose Room at the Peninsula, or by a visit to one of the four Kowloon cinemas, where the last show—at U.S.R.C. (United Services Recreation Club)—for tennis, squash, or library and reading room (according to the temperature) and a chat and drink with the friends one meets there. The admirable (?) chit system makes the latter so easy and inevitable.

Out to lunch and back in time to receive guests for mah jongg and tea (in the winter months), or a snooze in summer, followed by a run out to one of the beaches for a picnic tea and a bathe. Or, if the luck is in, an invitation for a launch 9.30 p.m.—is convenient for the customary late diner. "P. and O. Saturday," which occurs every fortnight, is a hectic morning of seeing off one's homeward-bound friends. The big liners all berth in and sail from Kowloon Docks, and round about 11 a.m. Tin Kee's flower shop in the main shopping street is overflowing down the pavement, and even into the road, with gold and silver baskets of every conceivable flower, all ticketed for conveyance to the waiting liner.

The streets are filled with hurrying rickshaws, and at the ship-side, on the promenade decks, and clustered round the bars there is a jostling mass of passengers and friends, talking and laughing over gin slings and horse's necks, while cranes work ceaselessly at nothing more important than hoisting on board these never-ending baskets of flowers.

(Continued on page 488)

THE NAZI SWASTIKA FLYING ABOVE THE GERMAN CUSTOMS STATION AT COEVORDEN on the Dutch frontier where, as the author points out in the accompanying article, smuggling continues to be rife, quantities of contraband eluding the Customs officials

PASSING INTO HOLLAND: A motor-cyclist about to drive beneath the raised gate at Coevorden Customs post on the Dutch–German frontier. The smugglers employ powerful cars and often dash through the gates at full speed, getting a long start of those who pursue them

ANYTHING TO DECLARE? A Customs official at Coevorden, on the Dutch-German border, makes sure that a motor-cyclist has no contraband. It is not the ordinary traveller, however, who causes all the trouble, but the professional smuggler who knows the tricks of the trade

SMUGGLERS ARE DULY GRATEFUL: This board set up in front of a Dutch Customs house indicates with pleasing frankness that the office is closed between certain hours

Smuggling on the German-Dutch Frontier

Men Who Reap a Rich Harvest in Contraband, Time After Time Defying the Customs Officials

In two recent articles in "The Sphere" there has been described what Holland is doing to fortify her frontiers, fearing for her security in a troubled Europe, but here is painted an entirely different picture, showing how these same borders are the haunt of smugglers who often cross from Holland to Germany with impunity, reaping a rich harvest for the risks they take.

MAASTRICHT

"EARLY this morning occurred a dramatic chase between smugglers and Customs officers assisted by frontier gendarmes. The chase took place through the busy streets of the city, accompanied by the firing of rifles and machine guns, which, however, had little effect upon the smugglers' car, which was steel-plated and bullet-proof. Three Customs cars and two requisitioned private cars took part in the wild chase, which ended when a lucky shot severely wounded the driver of the smugglers' vehicle . . . Several thousand pounds of Belgian margarine were confiscated . . ."

Through the red-brick streets and paved brick squares of Maastricht, that fine Limburg city rising from the broad river to its complex of dull-brown churches in an airy, lime-shaded place more like Belgium than Holland, racing cars and flying bullets for the sake of a few thousand pounds of margarine!

Maastricht, industrial centre and frontier town, is used to this sort of thing. "Och," said a citizen, "we are not so dull up here as we seem!" One result is that many of the citizens of Maastricht avoid the internal tax of nearly 100 per cent. on Dutch butter by getting their supplies via Belgium, to which country the same butter is exported at roughly half the price charged in the home market. The Dutch butter, exported to Belgium at 40 cents. the pound, is sold normally in Holland at 80 cents. The margin gives the smuggler his opportunity.

According to one fairly reliable estimate, the quantity of contraband that passes the Dutch frontier annually amounts to well over £1,000,000 sterling. It includes not only such articles as coffee, margarine, tobacco, and spirits, but paper currency and live stock. With every new duty springs up a new gang of smugglers.

In the autumn of 1935 the German Government introduced a duty of from 30 to 70 Reichsmarks per 100 eggs imported. In the wink of an eye poultry farms sprang up along the Dutch-German border by dozens. At Wassenburg, a German frontier district near Achen, thirty-four of these farms suddenly appeared as from nowhere. These farms were fed with vast quantities of smuggled Dutch eggs which were handed on to the German market as German eggs. They likewise became the headquarters of notorious currency smugglers. One by one their secret ways have been brought to light, their owners clapped into prison, and their entire property cleared up well and truly by regiments of workers from the German *Arbeitslagers*.

I am told that there are something like 2,000 professional smugglers systematically working the long line of the Dutch-German, Dutch-Belgian frontiers. To each smuggler there are roughly five Customs officials and special frontier police. But even then the fight is unequal—in tricks the smuggler is worth ten of his enemy; and besides, the frontier population can be reckoned as the smuggler's sleeping partner; and not very fast asleep at that!

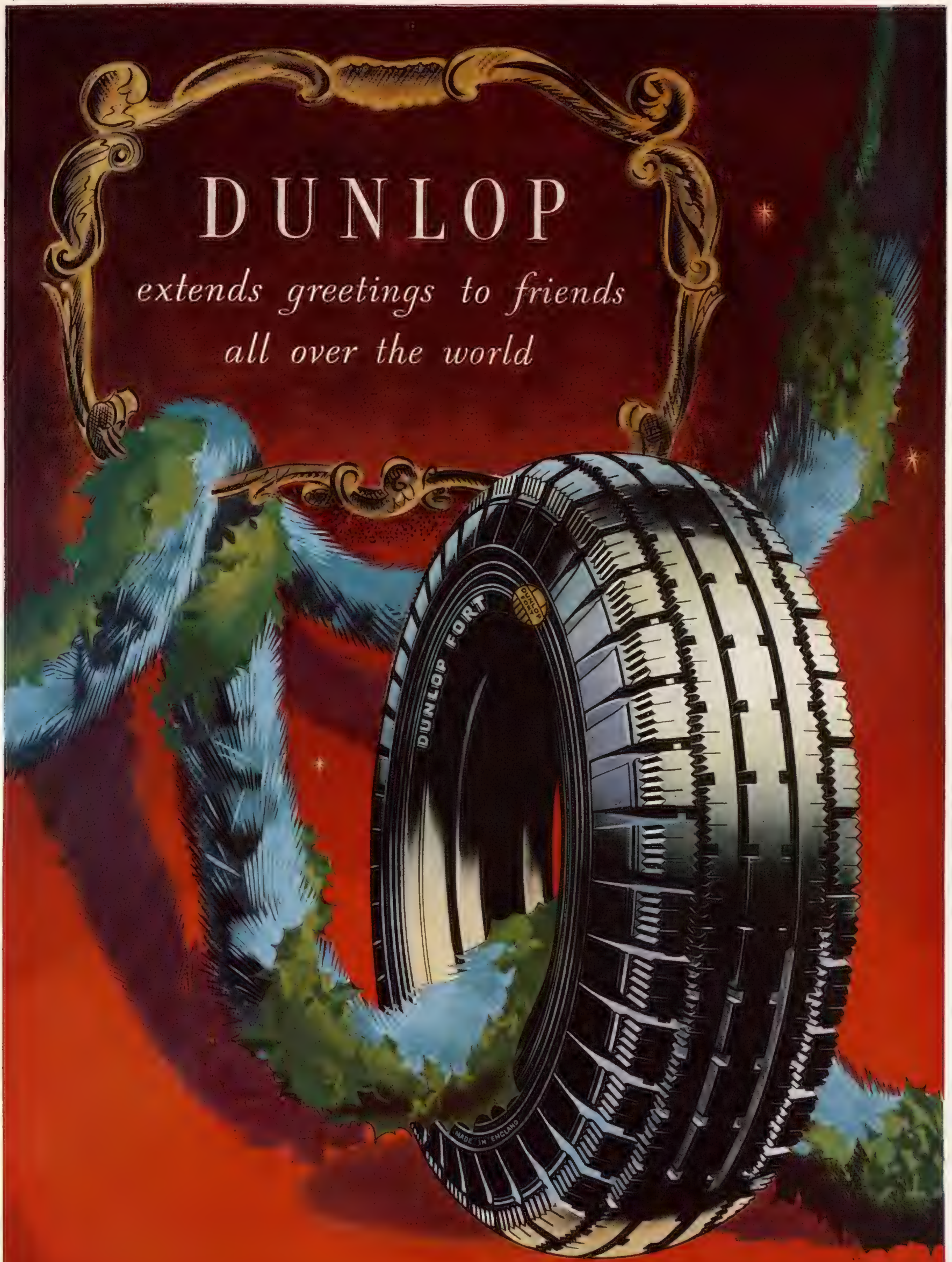
The big gangs run to steel-plated motor lorries; and most of them are able to keep it up long enough to salt away a tidy fortune against their release from the two or three years in a Dutch or German prison which sooner or later overtakes them. Usually it is a German prison. The big profits are to be made on that side. A well-known smuggler, who is still loose in spite of his notoriety, assured me that he sometimes carries contraband into Germany, in his bullet-proof Mercedes with movable number-plates, which yields a profit of as much as 3,500 guildens, or round about £500.

"It's worth the risk, and besides, it's first-rate sport. I'll back myself against the three German lines of Customs defence any day. And as for our side . . ." But the Dutch authorities are now making it more difficult for him.

Roy Elston

DUNLOP

extends greetings to friends all over the world



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THE KING RECEIVES FEUDAL DUES

A Pair of Greyhounds, a Salmon Spear, a Bundle of Faggots, a Hundred Shillings, and Other Quaint "Rents," Presented to His Majesty During the Visit to Launceston, Cornwall

DAY OF PICTURESQUE CEREMONIAL IN THE FAR WEST: The Royal car arriving at Launceston Castle, Cornwall, during the course of the King's tour of his Duchy estates, which gave him the opportunity of making the acquaintance of many of his tenants. It was at Launceston that he received feudal dues or rents from those occupying land or certain privileges in the Duchy, Mr. Stanley Langford, who is depicted above, being among those who came forward with renderings. His contributions were for one of the manors, and consisted of a salmon spear and a bundle of faggots which was picturesquely described by the bailiff as "one carriage of wood"

PAYERS OF FEUDAL DUES waiting to be received by the King at Launceston. Included in the group are the Mayor of Launceston who presented 100 shillings and 1 lb. of pepper; the Mayor of Truro who handed over a silver-tipped alder bow; Mr. Molesworth-St. Aubyn whose offering of a pair of greyhounds was for the manors of Lanihorne and Elerky; and Mr. Bethuel Hutchings who appeared before His Majesty wearing a mantle of goat skins and represented the manors of Swannacott and St. Mary's Week Stratton. At the close the King announced: "I hereby confirm you and those you represent tenants and give you and them peaceable and quiet possession of the manors, lands, and tenements which you hold or represent"

THIS KING "OWES BLOOD" SAYS FERDINAND TUOHY

Albania's Progressive Young Monarch and His Ever-Feuding Chieftains

King Zog's Bold Attempt to Westernise His Still Backward Country

EUROPE'S ONLY BACHELOR MONARCH: King Zog of Albania, whose dramatic rise to power and whose fight to westernise the institutions of his country are recounted in the accompanying article

THE silver jubilee of Albanian independence brings one back to the far-off day in 1912 when a Teutonic princeling, William of Wied, was chosen as Mbret or King of the wild little mountain territory bordering the Adriatic, at that time still almost entirely Turkish in life and morals.

To-day William is an outcast who some years ago had to apply for Liechtenstein nationality, failing all other, and in his stead rules Zog the First, Mbret i Squiptarvet, which in English runs "Bird Number One, King of All the Sons of the Eagle." At forty-one, Bird the First has packed more activities into his life than most men of his age, for he began going to war at seventeen, back in 1913, when the then young Achmed Bey Zogu led his paramount clan of the Mati—40,000 mountainous folk—against the Central Albanians. A year later, and this youth lashed out against the Italians, in the world war. At nineteen, he was so important that the Austrians decided to inter him in Vienna until the end of the conflict.

Zog is a remarkable character, as he enters his forties, and has rightly been called the ruler of a one-man country. He fashioned himself entirely, rising from Minister of the Interior, in 1922, to Prime Minister (1923), President and C.-in-C. (1925), and finally to the status of self-appointed Sovereign in 1928.

Not that it was all plain sailing in this dizzy ascent to the purple. Zog had at different times to drive the Italians out of Valona, and the Yugoslavs out of Scutari. Then there was a spot of civil war in 1924, when he successfully defended Tirana, the capital, against rebels from the mountains. Finally, Bird the First was wounded and himself driven out of Albania by Monsignor Fan Noli. This was in late 1924, but the Monsignor did not last long, and after six months of exile in Belgrade, Zog was back again.

All of the above strife and active warfare, it may be noted, befell a young man still under twenty-seven years of age. The last fourteen years might have been almost too dull by comparison, for such a tiger for the fray, had not Zog developed private worries of a new order, at the same time looming in Mussolinian, even international politics; and, by no means least, being ardently engaged upon creating a new Albania.

To take the private worries first, Zog is in the uncomfortable position of "owing blood", in the parlance of his fellow chieftains of the eternal Albanian blood feud. The blood feud dates back to fifteenth-century days of a fabulous chieftain named Lek who thrived contemporaneously with the greatest days of Albania, that saw the hardy warriors under Skenderberg withstand the Turks on Western Europe's behalf.

Blood is the price of any act that stains a man or a family's honour, honour being deemed blackened until blood washes out the stain. The only safe people from the blood feud are women, for the gentle reason that women's blood is not deemed to be of any account.

King Zog has tried in vain to stamp out the blood feud for this very good reason that he himself owes gallons of blood, apparently far more than any other of the thirty chieftains of the country, due to the methods resorted to in his getting where he has. Two years ago he summoned all these leaders of clans to Tirana, in the hope of getting them to shake hands and swear an eternal Besa or oath of peace, but there was nothing doing; merely a handful turned up in response to the royal command. Experts aver that Zog will never succeed in banishing the blood feud upon which rest the profoundest traditions of Albanian honour.

If this country of 1,000,000 population is to-day divided into 190 communes, each with its own elected president, and if local police coöperate with the gendarmerie so long commanded by British officers, the real rulers remain the chieftains some of whom are loyal to Zog, but by no means all. Zog has these chiefs to contend with besides political rivals, while certain foreign elements have also been suspect of encouraging attempts on his Majesty's life. This was apparent on the one and only occasion upon which King Zog left one or the other of his two homes, at Tirana and at Durrës down on the Adriatic. The King journeyed to Vienna to visit a fair lady who had tarried with a sister in his still rather primitive capital, and gunmen fired at him at he entered the Opera, killing his A.D.C. Since when, Zog spends his time uniquely in his low, rose "palace" at Tirana, or else at his villa on the heights above Durazzo.

Why be a king under such conditions of captivity, some may well wonder?

King Zog's life is so unsafe that when he flits down to the coast, in summer, the fourteen miles of route see him closely surrounded by his Royal Regiment which on arrival proceeds to encamp all round the villa, for weeks and weeks. Again, there is the fear of poison, and this is where King Zog could find a consort distinctly useful—not in tasting beforehand and risking getting poisoned herself, but in supervising all food and cooking in the royal kitchen. For many years the King's late mother fulfilled this duty. Now one of his six sisters attends to it, but it is understood she desires to follow her four or five other sisters into matrimony, and then where would Zog be? There are not many that he can trust.

Why doesn't Bird Number One marry and so solve matters? Here we strike the good old blood feud once more.

Here is the only remaining bachelor monarch in Europe, and a good-looking young man, to boot, well off in the riches of this world, witty and intelligent, suave, and by all accounts endowed with that prize desideratum of the hour: personality. Provenly brave as the proverbial lion. A sense of humour, too, if he can be uncommonly solemn and even autocratically harsh upon occasion, ruthless and scheming.

The humour comes out sometimes with a collection of slippery mats which scatter the floor of the audience chamber. Zog likes to see pompous visitors trying to back away—and crash.

However; all in all, an eligible person. Why still the bachelor?

In the past dozen years Zog has been "betrothed" again and again, sometimes to fantastic brides such as the moneyed American woman of some years and embonpoint, who was said to be bringing millions of dollars to Albania. Then there was the Viennese Baronin. Even an Italian royal princess and more than one English girl of high estate. Only a week ago it was announced that Zog intended to be betrothed to a Muslim girl of his own clan, the Mati, the announcement to synchronise with the silver jubilee.

Once again nothing came of it, and in point of fact Zog has been betrothed once only in his vivacious career—ten years ago to the daughter of Khevket Verlaci of Elbasan, a fellow chieftain since cast into exile by the man who might have been a son-in-law. Zog did not go through with this union for one reason only—had he done so, he would have provoked increased jealousies among thirty ruling families of Albania by marrying a daughter of the thirty first. The blood feud against the King would have grown more bitter even than it is to-day. He probably could not have long survived it, and he certainly could not did his choice fall on a foreign woman. That would be insulting every one of the local ruling families. Not that many suitable foreign girls would probably be found to share the perils and semi-captivity that surround Bird the First.

ALBANIA'S FEMININE YOUTH BATTALION: Princess Maxhide, one of King Zog's unmarried sisters, standing at the head of her detachment during the big celebrations in Tirana on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Albania's achievement of independence. A year ago many of the girls were wearing the veil, but since March 25 last it has been abandoned by law throughout the whole land

PEASANT WARRIORS OF THE ALBANIAN HIGHLANDS: These men in their picturesque costumes came down to Tirana, the capital, to pay homage to King Zog on Independence Day, which was recently celebrated in most elaborate fashion

King Zog himself realises this. "What have I got to offer a bride?" (he asks). "I have no plans in the matter and it is better that I should go on concentrating on my work of making my country into a modern State. I am at it from dawn to midnight, with breaks for meals and the gymnasium. Perhaps some day the matter of a marriage may arise. For there is, of course, the question of an heir."

The second of Bird Number One's worries concerns the condition of vassalship under which his little country has come to live vis-à-vis the Rome of Mussolini. Albanians are obsessed by vanity, have a great conceit of themselves, and they have no love for the Italians, of whom there are roughly 2,500 in the country, mostly in key positions—civil and military organisers, engineers, banking personnel, and so forth. The main artery through garish and muddy Tirana is the Boulevard Mussolini. More important — or annoying—is the Italian occupation of the rocky island of Saseno, commanding the bay of Valona and spoken of as "the Gibraltar of the Adriatic." Here the Straits of Otranto are not 50 miles across, and the Italian garrison completely commands what D'Annunzio was once wont to refer to as "the most bitter sea," precisely because there were others with a say along its shores.

So secret and vital does Rome consider this rocky isle to be, that not even the wives of families of Italians serving there are allowed access. In fact, one of Europe's secret places that is the least known.

(Continued on page 488)

THE TWO MINUTES SILENCE: A French officer holding the colours of the 2nd Tirailleurs, with native soldiers standing beside him at the present, during the Armistice Day observances at Marrakesh, Morocco, which were on a particularly elaborate scale this year in view of the fact that many troops had been drafted to the town in order to meet the emergency created by the sudden defection of certain native chieftains

ARMISTICE DAY IN MOROCCO

How they Celebrated the Solemn Day at Marrakesh

On left—
AFTER THE PARADE: A French officer giving his instructions to an N.C.O. on the barrack square at Marrakesh

On right—
GENERAL DE LOUSTAL, Commanding Officer in the Marrakesh district, decorating a native soldier during the big Armistice Day parade

RATTLESNAKES DO SWIM: *A Picture From Florida That Provides Valuable Evidence, and Other Items of Zoological Interest*

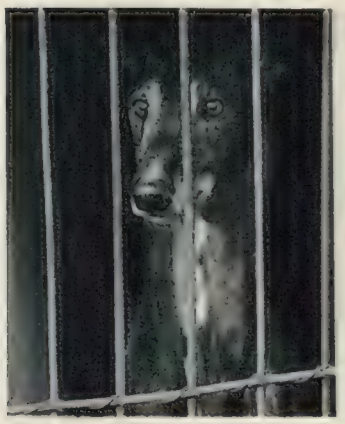
DISPROVING A POPULAR FALLACY: The widely-held belief that the rattlesnake does not swim is proved false by this remarkable picture of a 6½-ft. diamond-back in the Caxambus Straits between the islands of Marco and Horr on the Florida coast. An expert at the London Zoo states that it is most unusual for rattlers to take to the water, but admits that there is no reason why they should not do so if necessity should arise. In this particular instance the photographer points out that the snake was not driven to the shore by a grass fire or any other dread circumstance of a similar nature

HE'S A SENSATION: Pax, the baby giraffe at Belle Vue, Manchester, is now over a month old and has started to eat hay. The veterinary surgeon and keepers are very pleased with his progress, much of which is due to his early diet of cod liver oil and patent milk food. Pax is now about 6 ft. in height and growing at the most incredible rate. His markings are just as clear as those of his mother, Mary

HORACE, PAULINE, AND THEIR OFFSPRING: *Above and below.* The collared peccaries at London Zoo, South American members of the swine family, have just produced two youngsters which are almost as pugnacious as themselves. Horace has been allowed to remain with them, but keepers are always on watch as he has infanticidal tendencies

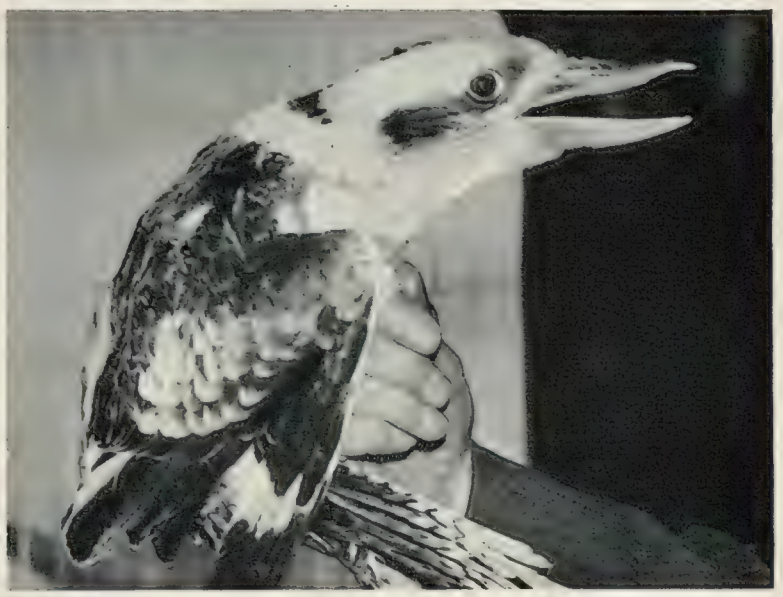
BIRDS and BEASTS: *In Show Room, Exhibition Hall, and on the Race Track*

ALFRED COURT AND HIS LIONS AND TIGERS this year make a welcome re-appearance in the Althoff Circus which will open at the Royal Agricultural Hall on December 20, and remain there for the Christmas season. M. Court has been out of the ring for some time owing to an injury he received from a tiger, but he is now completely restored to health. The Althoff Circus is said to be one of the oldest travelling shows in Europe. Indeed long before Philip Astley, "the father of the English Circus," set up in Westminster Bridge Road Dominik Althoff, a farmer living near Cologne, made a hobby of training his geese and exhibiting their tricks



PAY YOUR MONEY AND TAKE YOUR CHOICE, but remember it's long odds on the cheetah in this track racing business for he is reputed to be the fastest thing on four legs in the world. At Romford Stadium to-day (Saturday) Mr. Kenneth Gandar Dowar's team of racing cheetahs are to give a public exhibition of their prowess

ODDS ON THE SPOTTED GENTLEMAN: A racing cheetah drawing away from a greyhound a second after the start of a race. Its speed is really incredible, but it has little or no stamina, and over a long course might be outdistanced by its canine rival. It is said that tame-bred cheetahs are useless for racing, and that they must be caught wild and then trained. In a domesticated state they are docile



THIS LAUGHING JACKASS, Australian member of the kingfisher family, was one of the attractions at the Bird Fancy Show at the New Horticultural Hall, Westminster. The peculiar hoot which it utters has, of course, given it its name, and in the Antipodes it is as familiar as the owl is in these latitudes

THE CORNISH CHOUGH, with its nosey-parker bill, is a typical member of the crow family and incidentally exhibits in the highest degree the curiosity, the pilfering disposition, and the delight in brilliant or glittering objects that are such characteristics of the raven. This particular specimen was on view at the Bird Fancy Exhibition held at the New Horticultural Hall, Westminster

d

DUDLEY CA
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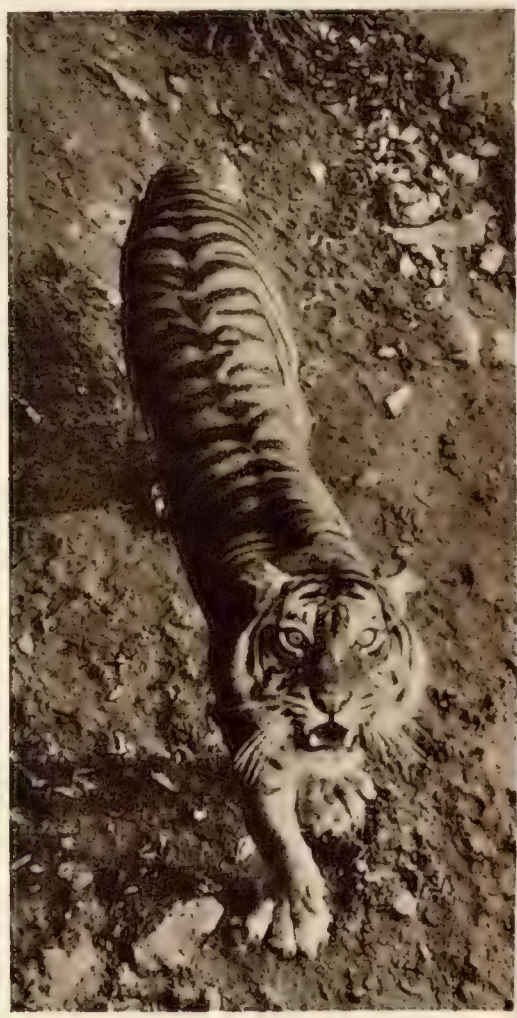
ture date

THE GREAT BEAR RAVINE is one of the outstanding features of the open-air zoo which Lord Dudley is developing in the grounds of Dudley Castle, Worcestershire, and which will eventually be one of the largest open-air zoos in the country. There are fifteen bears in the ravine and they can be seen to advantage from the curving concrete balcony that has been constructed above their quarters

THE BEARS AT PLAY I
one of the sights
70 ft. deep, and th
quate accommodatio

FEEDING TIME FOR THE SEA LIONS: Congregating beneath the bridge which crosses their 200 ft. long pond and from which they are fed. Much care and ingenuity have been devoted to the construction of this and other parts of the zoo and, although as yet comparatively small, it is quite one of the most up to date in Europe. The pond occupies part of the site of the old castle moat, and flanking it are similar places for the beavers and water fowl



THE PARROTS POSE with one of the three girl keepers in charge of the bird house and the smaller animals. *On left*—Sheba, the lioness, is a great favourite among visitors and is unusually good-tempered with her playful cubs, trying as they are at times

NO NONSENSE: This tiger resents publicity judging by the way he is glaring at the photographer who took this picture. He is an excellent specimen, though, with clearly defined markings and a coat that positively glistens with health

LORD DUDLEY BUILDS AN OPEN-AIR ZOO

A Rival to Whipsnade Comes into Being Beneath the Walls of Dudley Castle, Worcestershire

TLE ON ITS CONICAL HILL round the the Earl has built his zoo. Part of the struc- from the first quarter of the 14th century

their concrete-surrounded ravine which is the zoo. It is nearly 200 yards long and adjacent paths and balconies provide ade- for a thousand or more spectators at one time

WHERE THE BISON ROAM: These hardy beasts from the North American Continent have a vast enclosure in which to graze and, being used to cold, spend the whole winter out of doors. In the background is the modernistic parrot house with wide balconies built out on the cantilever principle

A private zoo which is at once a scientific centre, an example of ultra modern planning in miniature, a microcosm of the social life of animals, and a source of entertainment for a huge industrial population, most of whose members have never seen wild animals in captivity before, has in six months brought 700,000 visitors to Dudley, Worcestershire. Built up in terraces round a conical hill, Dudley zoo is planned to become by 1943 the largest open-air zoo, apart from Whipsnade, in the country.

Here, below hundreds of overhanging trees, in the shadow of an ancient ruined castle, are bear pits, lion and tiger dens, sea lion and penguin

(Continued below on left)

THE POLAR BEAR PIT is wonderfully arranged, providing spectators with a first-class view from the concrete terraces. The steps seen in the foreground give access to the animals' night quarters

pools, monkey reserves, paddocks containing deer, bison, zebras, cranes, flamingos, foxes, dingoes, wolves, dromedaries, pelicans—in all, a population of over 3,000 birds and animals, shown both against naturalistic backgrounds and in open buildings cunningly arranged to provide the maximum of viewpoints with a minimum of interference with their occupants' natural habits.

Practically the whole of the zoo is housed in reinforced concrete structures built into the moats and earthen ramparts by which the castle is ringed. Paths lead up and round from pit to pit and terrace to terrace, following a brilliant architectural plan by means of which 40,000 visitors per day can circulate in comfort. Lord Dudley has four fellow directors on the Zoological Society's board

"I'M THE KING OF THE CASTLE": Two polar bears in their concrete pit, half of which contains water. The pit, in common with all the quarters, lies on the well-wooded slopes of the hill surrounding the castle, and the site in summer is most picturesque. 700,000 people, including many Coronation visitors from overseas, have seen the place during the past six months

ORIENTAL RIVIERA

Looking out across Repulse Bay, most frequented of the island's beauty spots, from the shady balcony of the Lido Beach Club, fashionable meeting place of Hong Kong society

AT REPULSE BAY

Chinese women carriers and in the background the hotels and clubs of this delightful resort that stands between the steeply sloping wooded hills and the sea

HONG KONG

Sights and Scenes in the British Crown Colony where so Many Shanghai Refugees Have Lately Found Sanctuary

ON pages 456 and 457 of this issue there will be found an article on Kowloon, mainland portion of the Crown Colony of Hong Kong, which is now so much in the news owing to its proximity to Chinese territory, while on these two pages are pictures of Hong Kong island, showing something of its aspect and of the varied nature of its social and native life. Many hundreds of British refugees from Shanghai are now living in the Colony until such time as it is possible for them to go north again, and the accommodation there has been heavily taxed

Looking down from the Peak on the busy city of Victoria with its docks and business houses. Away to the left on the mainland is Kowloon

THE ISLAND CAPITAL

The shops in this narrow thoroughfare, lying between Queen's Road and Des Voeux Road, are devoted entirely to the sale of cotton goods. It is invariably thronged with Chinese customers

COTTON STREET

ON STAGE AND SCREEN

GRIM, STARK, UNRELIEVED TRAGEDY is the keynote of *Mourning Becomes Electra*, Eugene O'Neill's powerful trilogy, in which Laura Cowie (left) infuses with burning love and hate the sensuous character of the love-starved wife and Beatrix Lehmann portrays a woman beaten down into despair and madness by the unrelenting blows of fate. The play will continue at the Westminster Theatre until December 18

JEAN MUIR MAKES HERSELF LOOK TEN YEARS OLDER when making up for her part in J. B. Priestley's new play *People at Sea*, in which she portrays a fast-fading, drug-taking film star. The setting is a derelict liner in the Caribbean, abandoned by all but a few of the passengers

By PHILIP PAGE

THE concomitant result of seeing Mr. W. P. Lipscomb's play, *Thank You, Mr. Pepys!* at the Shaftesbury Theatre is to murmur "Thank you, Mr. Lipscomb!" Mr. Lipscomb, being a just man, will also give honour where honour is due and say in turn, "Thank you, Mr. Bryant!" For it is on the historical work of Mr. Arthur Bryant, the recognised Pepysian authority, that the play is based, and the fact is acknowledged in the programme.

The only thing about this fine and essentially serious drama that mislikes me is its title. The fact that it deals solidly, though always with dramatic power and charm, with matters of State and weight is the strong reason why it should not be labelled snappishly and revueishly. That it shows Mr. Pepys as a man who has earned the nation's gratitude is true. But following this line we should have "Thank you, Queen Victoria!" instead of *Victoria Regina* or even "Thank you, Mr. Coriolanus!"

The homeliness thus suggested also leads us up the wrong path, and to expect to find our hero solely as he presents himself in his Diary—a fussy, lovable, unmistakably human little man, prepossessed with deceiving his wife, buying new coats, pondering over small accounts, admiring pretty actresses, and going to bed. We do not find much of that sort of thing; which has led, I notice, certain august experts to stride imperially up a path that is still more wrong and to declare that here we have for the first time on the stage "the real Mr. Pepys", Is then the facet of Pepys we know so well on his own evidence not real? It is the most real thing imaginable; no historical personage glows with life so vividly and for such good reason. What is meant, of course, is that we see dramatised for the first time Pepys as the conscientious and courageous public servant he was. Why the two sides of the man should have to cancel each other out I cannot for the life of me imagine.

What Mr. Lipscomb has done—and it is an original as well as a plucky step—is to show us a famous figure without any of the familiar, if petty, adjuncts by which the general public will recognise him, by which, indeed, that public have become to remember him at all. If this sets the fashion and leads to the appearance on the stage of Henry VIII without his wives, Cromwell without his warts, or Charles I without any suggestion that he is shortly to be without his head, so much the better. I, for one, will welcome the novelty.

The theme of the play, in these days of clamour for a stronger navy, seems curiously up to date and vital. Imagine Mr. Duff Cooper defending and pleading passionately for the service of which he is in charge against not only a Parliamentary opposition convinced of the necessity of an opposition at all costs opposing, but also against out-and-out villains, grafters, and those who do not even stick at murder, and you have the situation. The period being the seventeenth and not the twentieth century, the royal favour and backing enjoyed by the hero are more potent and certainly more patent.

The Merry Monarch was not what we should recognise to-day as a constitutional monarch. Both for historical accuracy and because it is difficult to keep Charles II's head, to say nothing of his body, arms, and legs, out of any play about Pepys, we find the King at Pepys side through thick and thin, backing him up at every turn, confounding his enemies and frustrating their knavish tricks as Charles in fact did, though not, I fancy, in quite the same way he does it on the stage of the Shaftesbury Theatre.

I have seen scores of stage Charles IIs, but Mr. Barry K. Barnes is the first to throw overboard any attempt to be saturnine. This made him seem a trifle too youthful. But Mr. Barnes plays the part with grace, ease, and great intelligence.

Nell Gwynn, too, had to have a break, albeit this is an essentially serious play. Any Nell as intelligent, as attractive, and as "mighty pretty" as Miss Marjorie Mars cannot fail to be welcome, though her part has been rather sketchily drawn, as if someone had said to the author, "Well, what about Nell Gwynn?" "Well, what about her?" "Well, you know, you simply *must*, old boy, don't you think?"

I doubt whether an Earl of Shaftesbury has ever before been portrayed on the stage of the Shaftesbury Theatre. This one, played admirably by Mr. Henry Oscar, is such a double-dyed villain that I marvel at the saintliness of his descendant, the "good Earl of Shaftesbury," who gave his name to the theatre and the Avenue, and to whose pious memory one can drink a nice cup of water

NEW BALLET AT SADLER'S WELLS: Robert Helpmann and Pearl Argyle rehearsing their parts in *The Lord of Burleigh* by Edwin Evans. Performances at this theatre and at the Old Vic have continued without intermission despite the death of Lilian Baylis

"DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT BICYCLE TYRES?" Vivien Leigh inquires of Robert Taylor during their meeting in the bicycle shop just after the latter's unfortunate collision with the Dean of his college. A scene from *Yank at Oxford*, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture which has been in the making at Denham and gives Miss Leigh one of the best parts in her career to date

CURRENT PLAYS AND FILMS

THE RETURN OF THE "SCARLET PIMPERNEL": Sophie Stewart as Lady Blakeney in the screen version of this Baroness Orczy romance which Arnold Pressburger has been producing and Han Schwartz has been directing for London Films. Margaretta Scott is also in the cast

"LO SQUADRONE BIANCO": A striking shot from this new Italian film (Academy Cinema, Oxford Street), illustrating the life of the camel corps in the arid deserts of Libya. It has been running for the past eight months in Paris and has been awarded the Mussolini Cup at the Venice International Film Exhibition. The dialogue is Italian, but the story—patriotic in theme—can easily be followed by the English sub-titles

Ruth Draper.—To the rule that to endure one individual giving an unassisted entertainment for a couple of hours or more—singer, dancer, reciter, or what not—means a pain in the neck, there is one exception. That exception is Miss Ruth Draper, who follows in the wake of Old Man Ibsen at the Vaudeville Theatre (*The House of Laughter*).

Miss Draper is the one artiste of her type who may truthfully be described as being above criticism. Wherefore I do not intend to criticise her. That does not rule out a slight analysis. She can almost convince an audience that she is not one person, amazingly versatile, at all, but that her potpourri is served out by a cast of a dozen or more brilliant people whom one expects to see bowing and smiling before the curtain when all is over.

I have seen Miss Draper countless times and still find it hard to believe that the Italian woman at the New York hospital and the obviously English lady-squire showing friends round the garden could possibly be one and the same. Never, surely, has there been a more protean personality. Yet this woman has something beyond that, which is merely an essential part of the bag-o'-tricks of any quick-change artiste. She can mix unfailing perception of the human race with an irony which is called off only when pathos is put in its place. And she has the abundant technique to sustain her in all her voyages of exploration.

Miss Draper is, moreover, absolutely never wrong, never in the smallest detail. She is at the Eros fountain in Piccadilly Circus. In what Hell-brew would one toast his ancestor?

Mr. Edmund Gwenn's Samuel Pepys is perfection, not only because I have always pictured Mr. Pepys as a sort of Mr. Gwenn—English, staunch, kindly, cheery, and incorruptible—but because Mr. Gwenn is such an extraordinarily fine actor that he can here pilot one through certain historical backwaters some of which are not in themselves particularly interesting and make one delight in the voyage.

Historical accuracy and great beauty are combined in Mr. Laurence Irving's scenery.

Opera at Covent Garden.—That Covent Garden patrons prefer their refreshment—at any rate that taken in the auditorium—without ice has had a welcome result. A glacial echo of opera in the recent skating ballet season (and I have never been overwhelmingly partial to *Lakme* even without skates) not having exactly caused a stampede to the box office, the theatre became unexpectedly though not unaccountably vacant. It has promptly and wisely been put to its legitimate use and a season of opera by the English company, most of whose members have sung in various seasons and various languages, is in progress.

There is not much of it—the all-too-short fortnight will be over at the end of this week—but, as Mr. George Robey used to sing, what *is* there is *good*.

It is, taken on the whole, very good. Since operatic comparisons are inevitable, I would say that the level of these performances—the intelligence displayed, the team-work, and the general musical ability—is far above that of say, the Paris Opéra Comique, with all its financial and other advantages, or, for that matter, opera houses throughout Germany, with the exception of the glittering world-famous few.

The possibilities of these singers, could they be nourished with advantages instead of being surrounded by almost every possible disadvantage, are almost endless. But it is no use sighing for what can never be. Music-lovers can only be thankful for what they have got, and that what they have got is so valuable. They will not find the great voices of the grand season; the company contains no soprano like Kirsten Flagstaad, no tenor like Gigli, no Bockelmann or Kipnis. The orchestra is reduced in size; economy has to be observed, for prices are lower and autumn opera is always a bit of a gamble anyway. But it is a more than adequate orchestra, and it is ably conducted.

Frankly, I like my grand opera on the grand scale—when I can get it. But I am not one of those superior and disdainful persons who cannot stomach opera at all unless it is very, very, very grand indeed. The Covent Garden English company, if not very, very, very grand, is beyond question very, very, very good. It has no touch of praiseworthy mediocrity about it, and no affinity with sundry laudable enterprises which seek to produce *Die Walküre* or *Gotterdammerung* in a theatre more suitable in size for *Charley's Aunt*. Covent Garden is now giving performances which can be judged by the highest standard. Comments of the "Well, you know, considering everything, surprisingly good" order are out of place.

ICE ROM-ANTICS: Maureen O'Sullivan and Robert Taylor went to the Westminster Rink to play this episode in *A Yank at Oxford*, Mr. Taylor's first British film which is now complete and which is indicative of Hollywood's new interest in this country as a world film centre. Lionel Barrymore is also in the cast and Michael Balcon is the producer. Taylor gave a farewell party in London this week

SHAVIAN SHAKESPEARE: Posthumus (Geoffrey Toone) and Philario (Mario Francelli) in *Cymbeline*, which has been running at the Embassy and had a special interest in view of the fact that the last act, never considered very satisfactory, was re-written by Bernard Shaw

THE FOUR-WINDOWED DRAWING-ROOM: This panelled apartment on the first floor of Old Devonshire House is a delight to the eye with its tall windows and projecting fireplace, characteristic of the period in which the house was erected. A number of early musical instruments are preserved there

THE STORY OF OLD DEVONSHIRE HOUSE

An Account of the Historic Residence which Has Just Been Presented to the Nation

Under the scheme for saving houses of historic or architectural value, Major Benton Fletcher has presented Old Devonshire House, Bloomsbury, to the National Trust, subject to his life interest, a gift that will appeal particularly to architects, furniture connoisseurs, and musicians. In the following article Major Fletcher tells us some interesting facts regarding the history of the place.

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, Bloomsbury, is the only house of that name erected by a member of the Devonshire family; both the earlier and later mansions being re-named when purchased from other noblemen by the Cavendishes.

The third Earl of Devonshire, great-grandson of Bess of Hardwick, built the Bloomsbury house shortly after the Great Fire for his son Lord Cavendish who resided there from 1668 until he succeeded his father as fourth earl in 1684. Of moderate dimensions Old Devonshire House was designed in Sir Christopher Wren's earlier style.

The lofty walls of the three principal floors are wainscoted in pine with bold bolexion mouldings. The staircase is of "dog-leg" form up which the owner is said to have ridden his horse for a wager. Surmounted by a carved architrave, the entrance door of mahogany is the earliest example of the use of this wood in Britain, due to the fact that the Cavendish family owned property in Virginia.

Lord Cavendish was a man of many interests and of an adventurous temperament. In his 'teens he was member for Derby. He fought in the Dutch wars and in many a duel, and was sent to the Tower for fighting outside the King's bedroom at Whitehall. Having escaped to Chatsworth, he imprisoned the escort sent there to re-arrest him. After the trial of Lord Russell he offered to change clothes with his friend in Newgate or to ride from Old Devonshire House with a party of sympathisers and rescue the condemned man.

Lord Cavendish held secret meetings in Bloomsbury in the cause of William of Orange, and after sheltering the Princess Anne in Nottingham Castle brought the fugitive to London to welcome her sister as Queen of England. When firmly established on the throne the monarch, in grateful acknowledgment of his services, advanced Lord Cavendish in the peerage with the titles of Marquess of Hartington and Duke of Devonshire. Lord Cavendish married into the Irish nobility, at the same time following the prevailing fashion of rearing an illegitimate family. At the age of seventy he took under his protection an actress of twenty-six and many ladies of rank welcomed his advances, one woman not being above acknowledging his fascination in verse, thus:—

Born to command our hearts, and tempt our eyes,
Whose awful sweetness challeng'd our esteem.
Our set's wonder and our set's theme,
Whose soft persuading looks our breasts assail'd
He came and saw and at first sight prevail'd.

In 1688 Old Devonshire House was let by Lord Devonshire to the widow of his friend and neighbour Richard Legh of Lyme, ancestor of Lord Newton. Old Madame Legh married off many of her thirteen children during her forty years residence in Bloomsbury, one daughter being subsequently known as the Liar of Red Lion Square. Another wayward girl ran away with a young wire-drawer after bribing a servant with £500 to find a husband quickly. A third daughter was given to an elderly M.P. because for her "would be a plentiful lefting."

After settling the fortunes of her daughters and subscribing drastic remedies for the family complaints the old lady fell to indulging in "this lottery business" and wrote to her son that, "what with getting into debt with the butchers, bakers and brewers life is intolerable and will become a disgrace, I pray you to make me easy." Eventually Madame Legh made her peace with God and died at her residence in Devonshire Street at the age of eighty-five. In her will she directed that her funeral expenses should not cost above £100, that there should be "no giving away of gloves or hat-bands nor any drink."

For upwards of 200 years there is no record of Old Devonshire House until it was sold as a tenement dwelling in 1934 and transformed into a centre for the study and practice of early British music. Furnished as a house of the period it now contains a collection of virginals, harpsichords, and spinets all in playing order.

Benton Fletcher

YOUTH AND ART

"A PICNIC BY THE RIVER" BY J. KASHDAN: This is one of the thirty or more canvases with a picnic theme among the examples of Royal Academy students' work which were placed on exhibition at Burlington House last week

"A SEASIDE STUDY" BY J. M. TAYLOR is another student effort with a picnic theme on view at the Royal Academy. a Gold Medal and travelling scholarship are the chief awards

A BUST, AN ISLE, AND A BLAZING SUN: These are the ingredients of William Acton's picture, incorporating a likeness of Lady Bridget Parsons. It is at the Royal Society of Painters in Watercolour and artist and sitter are seen beside it

Drawings by Percy Home.

STILL PRESERVING ITS ORIGINAL PANELLING: The remarkable feature about the interior of Old Devonshire House is the way in which this woodwork has come down to us undamaged, although for many years it was a tenement house under which condition cutting and altering might have been expected

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MUSICAL RECEPTION AT THE AUSTRIAN LEGATION was held last week in honour of Dr. Rudolf Neumayer, the Federal Minister of Finance, and Dr. Viktor Kienboeck, President of the Austrian National Bank, on the occasion of their visit to London. Left to right, front row—Dr. Neumayer, ex-Queen Victoria Eugènie of Spain, Baron Franckenstein (the Austrian Minister to the Court of St. James), the Duchess of Kent, Dr. Kienboeck, and Princess Helena Victoria. The principal performer was Elisabeth Schumann who was accompanied in her songs by the Brosa String Quartet. Many members of the Diplomatic Corps were present

DECEMBER BRIDES

And Other Pictures of Social Interest

RICH ARRAY: Lady Elizabeth Percy (nearest camera), sister of the Duke of Northumberland, looking at some of her presents arranged at the Palace of Holyroodhouse before her marriage to Wing-Commander the Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale, eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon. The ceremony took place at St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh

COUNT EDWARD RACZYNSKI, the Polish Ambassador in London, receiving a doll mascot from a Polish girl dressed in national costume after he had opened the new Polish Travel Office in Regent Street. *On right*—Princess Lichnovsky, widow of a former German Ambassador, and Major Ralph Peto leaving Paddington Register Office following their marriage. They were first engaged thirty-seven years ago but had to break it off

OSCAR HOMOLKA'S ROMANCE: The Austrian stage and film actor with his bride, Baroness Vally Hatvany, noted Continental actress, whom he married in London a few days ago. Homolka has recently completed a technicolour picture in Hollywood, and it is soon to be generally released in this country. Great things are expected of him in America, particularly in the interpretation of robust, out-of door roles

ARE THEY FIT TO BE FAIRIES? was the question before the medical officer when these youngsters presented themselves at London County Hall last week. They are booked to appear in Christmas pantomimes; but have first had to undergo a health test in compliance with the law regarding juvenile players

PONIES FOR PANTO: Miss Daphne Sams, of the Grange, Wraysbury, near Staines, Middlesex, with four of the thirty-five white Shetlands she has trained herself. They are in great demand for Christmas shows in London and the provinces

TO WED: Miss Laura Bonham-Carter, the daughter of Sir Maurice Bonham-Carter and the granddaughter of the late Lord Oxford and Asquith, who is engaged to marry Mr. Joseph Grimond, a young barrister

SWEET LABOUR: Chef Charles Cloet of the Cumberland Hotel, completing his scale model of Westminster Abbey. He has won a gold medal with it at the Catering and Restaurant Exhibition at Olympia

THE SPLENDOUR OF THE SARI

That Rich and Lovely Costume Worn by the Daughters of India

A GRACEFUL costume like the sari—a costume that leaves it to nature, more than to the artificial snips and snaps of a dressmaker's pair of scissors to accentuate the soft folds of flowing drapery and to show up the beauty of the feminine figure—cannot die. Its grace and beauty will not only live from age to age; but its charm is bound to attract the attention of all fashion designers. We Indian women were not surprised therefore, when, about a year ago, we heard that the idea of the sari was to be the foundation of a new vogue of European evening dress. We only wondered why the great dictators of the vogue in Europe and America had not emulated the daughters of India sooner and had only so recently realised the beauty of the sari.

The idea of the sari has been common from earliest times, not only in India but in various other parts of the world, for its graceful drapery was evident in the Roman toga and palla, the Greek peplum and himation, the Spanish mantilla, and the Hebrew, "silk, fine linen and purple wrought with gold." We are even told that when Homer wrote the words:

"Veiled her head in sable shade,
Which flowing long, her graceful person clad,"

he was indirectly referring to the sari.

"WHICH FLOWING LONG HE... GRACEFUL PERSON CLAD": An Indian girl in a lovely sari of dark red georgette with a border of gold thread

Whereas, however, all these costumes resembling the sari have either died out, or are on the way to extinction now, the sari in India is becoming increasingly popular, and its splendour and beauty almost world-famous.

Few other Eastern women, as for instance, the Chinese or Japanese, flaunt the streets of London, New York, Berlin, or Paris in their national costumes. For convenience sake, and in order to attract less attention, they usually adopt the Western style of dressing. An Indian woman, on the other hand, will never abandon her sari, which is becoming more and more a common sight in the West. She is so proud of it, that though shy and sensitive by nature, she is not ashamed of causing a sensation, for patriotism will carry the most retiring of women into the limelight, and the daughters of India would rather have the whole of London gaping at them, and suffer the discomfort thereof, than discard their much-loved national costume.

ENCHANTMENT: A cotton sari of graceful lines with a striking diamond patterned border

An Indian woman, therefore, found it very hard indeed, when a few decades ago she first appeared openly in Western thoroughfares; but she weathered the storm, and put up with even a train of open-mouthed children following her about along the streets, until, because of her perseverance and courage, the sari has become a more or less recognised and well-known costume, and India's daughters are free to travel whither-so-ever they like, without being stared at and mistaken for actresses.

Apart from the fact that the sari is a lovely costume, there are other reasons why Indian women refuse to abandon it and even insist, at times, on wearing it for games and while taking strenuous out-door exercise. One of these reasons is that tradition dies hard in India. What, therefore, has been worn by Indian women from time immemorial, must necessarily still obtain. This conservative trait in our women often makes them object to any modern changes and innovations that present-day fashion may dictate, but such is the case with only the orthodox, and the more modern are breaking out into many new fashions. Another reason for the undying popularity of the sari is that it is essentially feminine.

Whereas, therefore, the rest of the world of women is becoming masculine in its tastes and habits, thus suiting its costume to its mode of thought, and imitating men in all spheres of life, including the wearing of trousers, the women of India, still shy and bashful, still old-fashioned and conservative, prefer to appear in their long flowing draperies. They do not believe in aping the opposite sex and are proud of being women. For this same reason, they revel in their very feminine and beautiful costume—the sari.

The sari may have originated from the veil that every woman was said to have worn over her head, and on the upper part of her body, over a bodice, while a full skirt swirled about her feet. These skirts are still seen in Rajputana and Northern India, and in other parts they may have gradually given place to the long strip which is wound round the waist and finally thrown over the shoulder, making up the present sari. The sari shop in India is a realm of dreams, so full to overflowing is it of silks and satins, brocades and gleaming borders, silver and gold tissues, diaphanous muslins and star-spangled georgettes. The weaver in India still maintains not a little of his ancient skill, and beautiful indeed are his creations.

Padmini Satthianadhan

SYMPHONY IN BLACK AND GOLD: What could be more dignified than this beautiful georgette sari. As a garment it remains almost wholly unaffected by the whims of fashion

This England . . .

Sedgemoor—Somerset

THE countless lovers of Lorna Doone will remember how John Ridd was confused upon Sedgemoor, and between dyke and darkness ne'er found the battle. Macaulay, writing of that same pitiful combat notes: "It is by no means unusual to find farmers who cultivate the same lands which their ancestors cultivated when the Plantagenets reigned. The Somersetshire traditions are, therefore, of no small value to an historian." But this is surely true of all Englishmen, whether they stay in one place or wander the earth: they carry tradition with them. Is it not, at bottom, the tradition of great English brewing (so instantly appreciated) that has made of Worthington a national beverage, where once it was the benison of but a few thousands in the Midlands?

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NIGHT NEWS . .

Little-Girl Bows

Chanel, most feminine and alluring of women, makes us all wear bows on our heads these winter evenings. Here she has clustered black ribbon bows on a veil lightly spangled with small sequins

Ethereal Wings

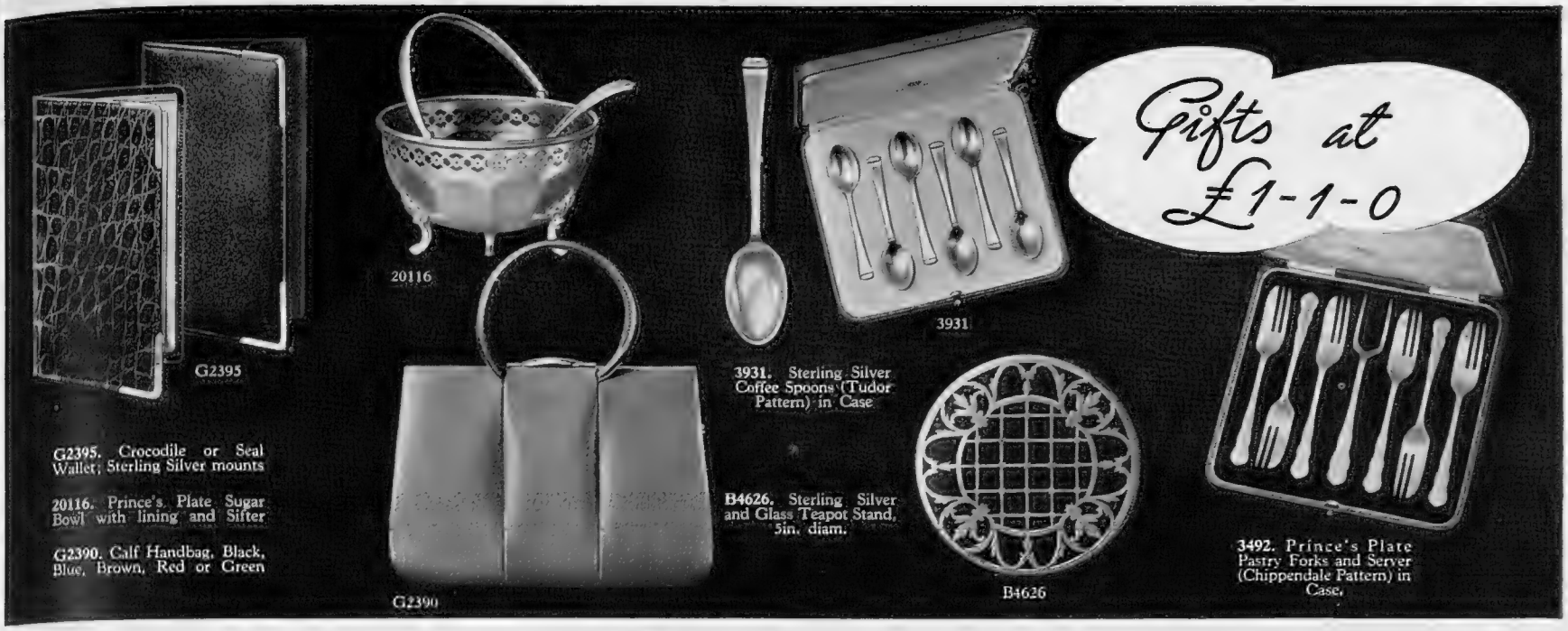
This is a season of gleaming satin and of modified picture frocks. Louiseboulanger makes this beautiful model in taupe coloured ciré satin, lifting the skirt at the front, gauging it at the waist, and veiling the shoulders with a mass of chartreuse-coloured net

Chanel created a new silhouette when she attached bows and floating panels of tulle at each side of the waist. Here is one of her lovely taffetas picture frocks, with tulle panels and side lacings which end in huge bows. Very narrow shoulder straps are popular

Slashed and Sashed

The utter simplicity of Schiaparelli's lamé dress, striped in shades of red, grey, and gold, is vividly accented by the sash of red crepe. The narrow skirt has a centre slit almost to the knee

Taffetas and Tulle



G2395. Crocodile or Seal Wallet, Sterling Silver mounts

20116. Prince's Plate Sugar Bowl with lining and Sifter

G2390. Calf Handbag, Black, Blue, Brown, Red or Green

3931. Sterling Silver Coffee Spoons (Tudor Pattern) in Case

B4626. Sterling Silver and Glass Teapot Stand, 5in. diam.

3492. Prince's Plate Pastry Forks and Server (Chippendale Pattern) in Case.

28720. Prince's Plate Biscuit Box, Ivory Knob

F1329. Sterling Silver Vanity Case with Sterling Silver mounted Comb and Sheath in Case

25656. Prince's Plate Cake Stand, 12½in. high

21537. Pair of Sterling Silver Sauce Boats, ¾-pint, in Case

F1330. Morocco Case containing Manicure Instruments in Engine-turned Sterling Silver

28257. Prince's Plate Entrée Dish, 10½in. long

L2047. Pigskin Zip-opening Dressing Case with Chromium and Ironwood Fittings

G2391. English Cut Glass Sherry Set with Chromium and Black Glass Tray

23919. Sterling Silver Fruit or Cake Dish, 9½in. diam.

B5296. Royal Worcester Coffee Cups and Saucers. Silver Gilt Spoons. Dark Blue, Powder Blue, Powder Green, Maroon

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BARRIE'S ONLY MEMOIR: THE STORY OF "JAMES ANON"

Delightful Anecdotes That Let Us Into the Secrets of the Man and His Work

By VERNON FANE

THERE are two ways of regarding Sir James Barrie and his work. One can condemn him as a realist condemns a sentimentalist, and laugh, however sympathetically, at his fairy-tale imagination, his Never-Never land of adventure and his confessed love of the happily romantic. Or one can remember him as one of the most brilliant playwrights of his time, a writer with an exquisite style, and a gentle humorist second to none.

Whichever of these two choices one makes there is one thing certain. Barrie left a mark on his generation of writers, he was original, he was to a certain extent a force. Contemporaneously, he was a great man.

THE GREENWOOD HAT (Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.) is probably the only chapter of autobiography that we shall see from his pen, and even that, with characteristic whimsicality, he has called "a memoir of James Anon". This Anon, according to Barrie himself, was a shy, gawky gomeril of a lad with nailed boots, and a precious top hat to be used regularly and reverently in his assaults on editorial strongholds.

Whether the editors were infallibly impressed by that hat, or whether their discernment had a more purely literary focus, Anon's object was soon achieved. Editors began to accept his articles, and the precious two guineas became more and more frequent.

This book was privately printed for Sir James seven years ago to be given to a few of his friends. Now, with his death it is to have a wider circulation and, as I say, will be his only authentic memoir, even though the period it covers is a fairly short one, and remote.

The form Barrie gave his book was to reprint several of his old articles, some of them the first that ever appeared in London newspapers and reviews, and to annotate each with the reflections of a man nearly forty years older. The result is charming and, inevitably, a little touching, since the early pieces, good as some of them are, show a naïveté very distant from his more mature work, a fact which he realises before any reader.

In this connection it is extraordinarily interesting to have the brief glimpses of insight which Barrie shows into his own work. In his introduction to this little collection of articles and commentaries Barrie writes: "I am yielding to sentiment; not as the gentle reader may say (with, I hope, a tolerant smile) for the first time. I wish it had been left out of me; but there it is."

For probably two-thirds of his admirers it was that sentiment which made his work lovable. The other third saw more classic, colder merits in it, and admired for those. They were the minority; there may even have been fewer of them than I am inclined to think, but they were still an important part of his reading public, if that odious phrase can be used in connection with someone so unchangingly private in his ways of life. "As for being interviewed," he writes somewhere, "my only boast is that I was never interviewed in my life."

Perhaps that is as well, since no reporter of whatever gifts could have succeeded in making, with such a few lines, such a complete portrait.

In writing **LUDWIG II OF BAVARIA** (Cobden-Sanderson. 15s.). Herr Mayr-Ofen has chosen as odd and fascinating, and in some ways as tragic a life-story to write as any during the last sixty years.

Ludwig has been called the "artist king", but he has also been called, and with considerably more persistence, the "mad king". His mania, which might nowadays be labelled as nothing stronger than abnormality, took the form of an enormous and undisciplined interest in art. Music, drama, architecture were his passions, and although he showed no particular aptitude in any of them, he was responsible, at least financially for the writing of many operas, and for the building of some quite remarkable castles and palaces. As for the performances acted at his command, and often with him as the sole spectator, their number must have been legion.

Ludwig came to the throne of Bavaria at the age of eighteen. The people he was to rule over were tolerant, easy-going folk, not easily impressed and used to the royal family of Wittelsbach through the experience of many centuries. Ludwig was chiefly welcomed because he was so young and of such a romantic appearance. Portraits of him at this time show a boy with waving hair, "an un-military, un-Prussian touch," brilliant eyes and a rather girlish chin.

Soon after his coronation Ludwig's enthusiasms found a worthy focal point. Richard Wagner, who was at that time, it was 1864, poor, greatly in debt and in miserably bad health, was summoned to Munich and promised freedom from care of any kind, leisure, and everything that the young king could command to make the great composer content, and to give him opportunities of writing his music in peace.

Wagner was as happy as Ludwig over the new friendship To him it must have seemed like a dream coming true, and it is at this period that he wrote to a friend, "He is unfortunately so beautiful and intelligent, so full of feeling and so marvellous, that I am afraid his life might vanish like a dream of the gods in this vulgar world."

That dream, for Wagner at least, lasted for four more years, then, with Wagner's love for Cosima, it ended abruptly. A fresh devotion was to building, and a copy, or rather a Ludwig-esque version of the Petit Trianon went up in the gentle Bavarian countryside. The villages whispered about a blue grotto, and an artificial lake, lit by hidden lamps, round which the king rowed himself, alone. Solitude was his new craving, and all the first symptoms of his derangement seem to have some relation to this desire. He would ride round the Munich riding school all night, he would wake by night and sleep by day. He drove from castle to castle, up into the mountains and to lonely shepherds' huts. His State business was neglected, and his lovely cousin, the Empress Elisabeth, gave her affectionate verdict that "Ludwig has the fidgets; he is always travelling about."

His story ended at Neuschwanstein, the newest of his palaces, built in a Wagnerian mood, and perching, like the illustration to a fairy story, above a mountain lake. Here Ludwig was declared insane, the reins of government taken from him, and a strict watch kept over him. He was very quiet, hardly protesting when they moved him to Schloss Berg, and appearing perfectly docile. The end was sudden and it remains a mystery to this day.

One afternoon Dr. Gudden went with Ludwig for a walk along the shores of the lake. They never returned and were found many hours later both drowned, close to the shore. After his funeral, the Bavarians, particularly the mountain folk, wore his picture for many years, "worshipping it like that of a saint," and Elisabeth, his last friend, said "The king was not mad; he was a recluse, living in a world of ideals . . ."

Herr Mayr-Ofen's book, although he has not given his statements the endorsement of bibliography, or in fact of any reference, is of very great, and I should think popular interest. He writes with the bias of personal liking for the strange young character, but that has never been a prejudice to spoil as good a story as this.

THE FRENCH GALSWORTHY: A scraper-board drawing of Georges Duhamel whose five novels dealing with the Pasquier family have just been issued in an omnibus volume under the title of *The Pasquier Chronicles*. Dent's are the publishers

Mr. Hector Bolitho has made it almost impossible to write a criticism of his new biography without laying oneself open to a charge of disloyalty. His new book **GEORGE VI** (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.) is written so much in the tradition, the old tradition, of royal biographies that a review of it, not to be incongruous, must take the same tone.

Since, however, I am not an adept at that, I will say in all sincerity that it is a well-written, dignified piece of work which I consider would have been no less dignified if it had been a little less lifeless After all, Mr. Bolitho had no difficult task. He was writing about a young king, and a popular one, a king happily married with every augury of a successful reign, and with every good wish from his people. It happens also that King George VI is a man of character. Why then should his biographer represent him as something as two-dimensional as a photographic print?

There must be so many charming and amusing and altogether engaging stories to be told about the best-liked family in England. Perhaps one day we shall hear them.

Everybody interested in civil aviation will know the name of Captain Norman Macmillan, who has since the war, done such a great deal to make it a popular and practical business, and whose praises are apt to be sung wherever two or three flying men are gathered together!

At the end of the war Captain Macmillan was at an aerodrome in Hampshire, making incessant and unsuccessful attempts to be sent back to France. With the Armistice he volunteered for service in Russia, but "was not lucky enough to be selected."

All of which should give a reader whose first introduction this is, a pretty clear idea of the captain's energies and inclinations. The war was over, but his interest still lay in flying. He refused a permanent commission in the Royal Air Force, and turned to explore the possibilities of peace-time flying.

Here the prospects were not very good. It was 1920. Sefton Brancker, trying to inaugurate the London-Paris airline, had had to stop his efforts owing to financial difficulties. Big air transport companies had temporarily suspended their activities. And no one wanted a pilot.

A suggestion that he should go out to New Zealand with a friend to start an airline there was mooted, but came to nothing. During the coal strike Captain Macmillan was one of the first volunteers in the skeleton R.A.F., and in 1921 he was testing aeroplanes, which has always seemed to me one of the riskiest jobs on the earth or off it, for the Fairey Aviation Company.

In **FREE LANCE PILOT** (Heinemann. 15s.) Captain Macmillan lives again those hazardous first years of the peace. Strikes, Riff wars, pioneer flights to India, desert trails, and descents into the "insalubrious sea" were all part of the game, just some of the chances that had to be dealt with.

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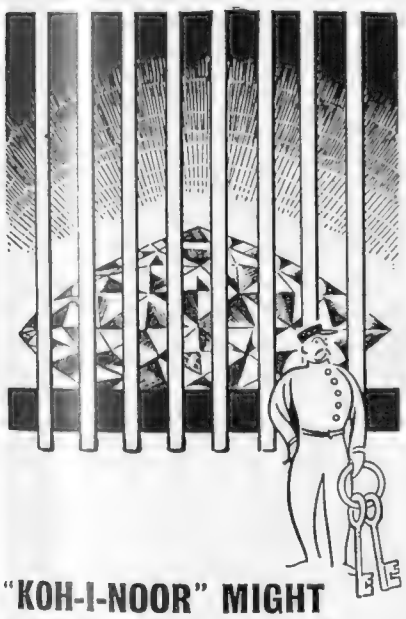

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TOO MANY BUSES: Notwithstanding the fact that this picture was taken at an exceptional moment, namely, during the recent Lord Mayor's show, the number of buses which may become jammed in London's streets during the middle of the day must cause a serious delay to other traffic. The writer of the accompanying article puts forward a practical suggestion

THE CAUSES OF CONGESTION

Reasons Contributing to London's Traffic Problem which is Steadily Worsening

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

WORDS have been written and much comment made verbally on the subject of the Minister of Transport's hint that private motor cars might be banned from using the streets of congested cities, in particular London. The Press has taken the matter up strongly and has denounced the Minister for suggesting any such curtailment of motorists' rights. To me, such an attitude savours rather of that which we are led to believe is taken up by the cycling bodies when any suggested regulation is put forward affecting them. My experience shows me that a private motor car is a distinct encumbrance in the West End or City of London.

Many a time I have endeavoured to use my car when out on a shopping expedition, but the difficulty and worry trying to find parking space convenient to shops have decided me never to repeat the experiment. The same trouble besets any driver who takes his car into these districts to pay a business call. Even drivers who have their own business premises find it practically impossible to park their vehicle anywhere near their offices. There are, of course, exceptions in certain favoured places. Surely, therefore, it would be no hardship for a driver not to take his car into these suggested prohibited areas.

The case of the motorist who desires to pass through London in the course of a journey is naturally a different matter, and it would not be impossible to devise some scheme whereby such drivers would be allowed to pass through. It is all very well to shout loudly from the housetops and say that we must have wider streets, but I cannot see how any alteration of an extent to make conditions really pleasant can be taken in such a place as the City of London.

At the same time I am quite convinced that there is a tremendous amount of completely unnecessary bus traffic. Except during the peak hours in the morning and evening, there are hundreds of buses following one behind the other through the districts in question, and their average complement of passengers cannot be more than four or five. It is very nice for a bus passenger to have a through journey without any change, but in view of the conditions ruling at the moment such a convenience entails a high degree of congestion, which slows down a far greater number of people than those who enjoy the through journey.

Someone has made the bright suggestion that the London Transport Board should design a special bus that could be driven at either end in order to avoid turning at the conclusion of each journey. I cannot see how such a scheme is going to alleviate our trouble because the districts where buses turn are usually selected so that such manœuvring as has to take place causes little or no inconvenience to other traffic.

Before, however, any drastic action is taken in this matter there are quite a number of regulations which could be introduced by the Minister or other competent authority to relieve the present congestion. First of all if we had mobile police patrolling continuously they could insist on every vehicle keeping as close to the near-side kerb as possible and only drawing out in order to pass another vehicle.

Secondly, they could prevent cars parking in narrow streets such as those found in the vicinity of Piccadilly and Shaftesbury Avenue. They could also effectively stop a car coming to a standstill to set down passengers or goods if there was another vehicle stationary on the opposite side of the narrow street.

Thirdly, some effective measures could be taken to deal with the parading taxicabs. At the moment there are some regulations in force which are supposed to deal with this nuisance, but they are either not in force or

(Continued on page 484)

PRIDE OF POSSESSION: H.H. Prince Ismail (Tungku Makota of Johore), D.K., C.M.G., eldest son of the Sultan of Johore, is a sports car enthusiast. He is seen above with his two-litre M.G.

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THE CAUSES OF CONGESTION

(Continued from page 482)

are not sufficiently stringent. At certain hours of the day this nuisance of the crawling cab is unbearable.

Fourthly, I can see no reason why a taxicab should ever be permitted to turn round in a narrow street, such as Jermyn Street. The Minister could easily make a regulation to prevent any vehicle turning in any street, as it is quite a simple matter in a city like London to reverse one's direction by going down a side street and following a short course in order to rejoin the original street but facing in an opposite direction.

Fifthly, the situations of taxi-ranks might be further considered as many of them as at present placed do interfere with the easy flow of traffic. Stopping places for buses are not always happily chosen and in many instances could be moved with advantage.

LUXURY TRAVEL: A new type of motor-coach which has a flat engine lying under the floor is to be used experimentally on Green Line routes. The driving position has been improved and all the passengers face the front

I am quite convinced that before long, whether private cars are prohibited in a city such as London, owners will for their own convenience always garage their cars in the inner suburbs and continue their journey by train, bus, or taxi. Many motorists are doing that to-day, and it only requires the building of suitable modern garages at the correct places to induce almost every London bound motorist carrying out the last part of his journey by a public service vehicle. There is already a distinct movement in this direction and I can see the time not very far distant when the London Transport Board will build suitable garages at their stations in the suburbs to cater specially for the motorist who is bound for London.

For many years past the interests of motorists in motoring afloat has increased and I feel sure that there are many car owners at the moment seriously considering the acquisition of a motor cruiser for next year's season. Unless the prospective owner has had some previous experience or is in close touch with a friend who has knowledge in such matters there may be disappointments ahead unless certain facts are realised.

First of all it is not usually possible to walk into a showroom and buy a motor cruiser on the spot. There are one or two exceptions but as a general rule, unless a second-hand craft will fulfil requirements, a boat has to be built and that takes time. Secondly, anyone giving an order for a cruiser should seek expert advice because unless the owner has had previous experience afloat he may obtain possession of a boat which is quite unsuitable for his needs. Boats cannot be built in a day and even if the boat builder is fairly slack, and that is most unlikely in these days, some months must elapse between the giving of the order and the launching of the craft.

Many car owners have not taken to the water because they do not consider themselves ever likely to be able to navigate a boat on the sea. That, however, should not prevent them from taking to the water because no matter where one's home may be there are navigable inland waters fairly close, or at any rate within easy reach by car. There is a very strange fascination in owning, using, and running a boat.

Many motorists own caravans and derive the greatest pleasure therefrom, and whilst I have nothing whatever to say against caravanning I would like to make it clear that week-ending or holidaying on a cruiser, no matter how small, has a joy all its own. It is quite impossible to describe the pleasure or to give any reason as to why it should be different from that derived from the possession and use of any other movable home.

Motor cruising has to be experienced to be appreciated. It is not expensive, nor difficult. As a matter of fact when a cruiser is bought the first impression that the owner gains is that he has obtained a lot for his money. That is perfectly true because bulk for bulk there is far more to show for one's money in a boat than is the case with a car. Now is the time to start moving and I strongly advise any motorist who wishes to motor afloat this coming season to start the ball rolling and place his order without any more delay.

When discussing the price it is always a good thing to remember that depreciation in the boat world is nothing like that ruling in the car world. Small as that depreciation has been I think, if anything, it will become less this coming and future years. The demand for boats is increasing and the cost of materials is rising. In case there should be any doubt in the minds of those water-minded I would like to make it quite clear that a motor boat in no way replaces a motor car. It is merely an addition, and without a car much of the pleasure to be derived from motor boating is lost.

Many motorists are still in doubt as to the best polish to use on their cellulose paint. There are, of course, many brands on the market which are excellent. Some require more physical effort on the part of the person applying them than others. A few are more lasting in their effects than the average, whilst I have come across some which do more damage than good to coachwork.

I have just been informed that Messrs. Thrupp and Maberly Limited, the well-known coachbuilders, have produced a cellulose polish of their own special manufacture. Quite frankly, I have not tried it, but I cannot imagine these well-known coachbuilders producing anything which would be other than excellent. No firm could have more knowledge than they as to what a car polish should do, and I am, therefore, not surprised to learn that their product—which is in liquid form—can be applied quickly, is non-greasy, and non-abrasive. They tell me that its application calls for a minimum of rubbing, that it produces a lasting mirror-like gloss and at the same time it has highly developed preservative powers.

I do not think that owner-drivers who also look after their own vehicles would go far wrong with this polish.

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Retorts the eagle: Laws of Nature or not, the snow's all right. You'll have to get used to it, — wherever my wings carry me there's snow, — nothing but snow.
We skiers quite agree: Why should the snow wait for the old larch? Heaven be praised, it's the snow we want.

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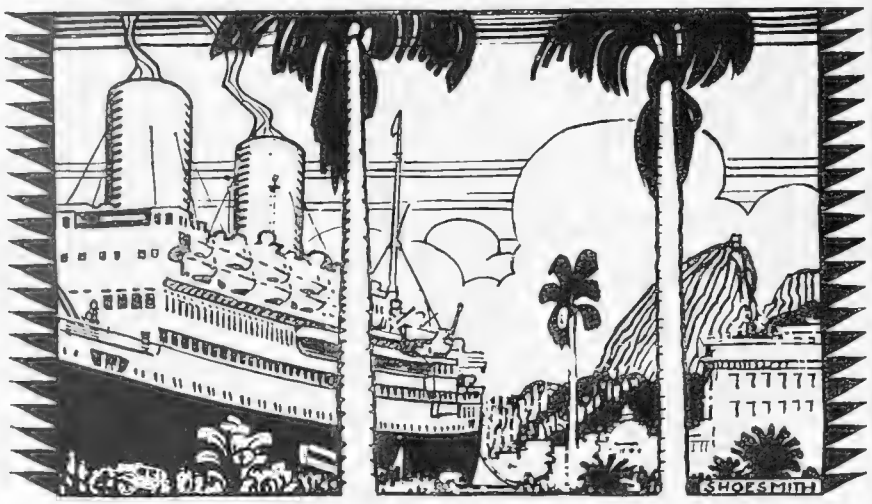

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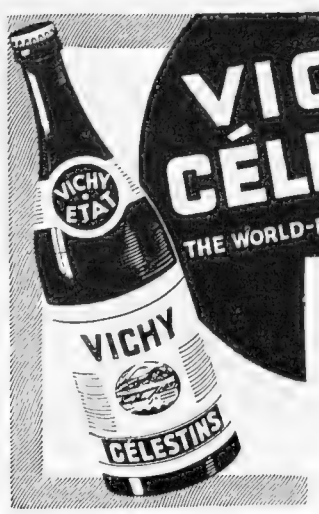

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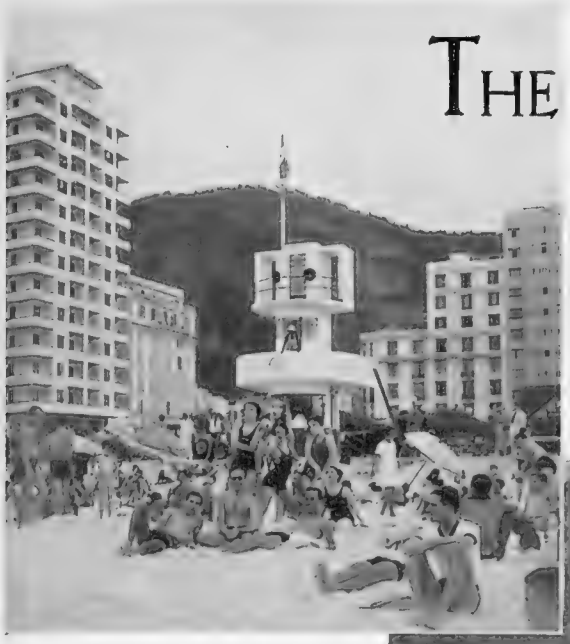

COPACABANA BEACH is a fashionable resort of Rio de Janeiro, and every day in the season is thronged with happy crowds of sunbathers. Skyscrapers, blocks of flats, and hotels rear above the waterfront, and in the centre of the picture is a modernistic looking tower, possibly used for keeping a watch on bathers in case they get into difficulties

FEW human pronouncements can have had such tremendous consequences as the edict of Pope Alexander VI by which the new world was divided between the crowns of Portugal and Spain. True that edict has been flouted again and again; but the republics of South America represent the flowerings of those provinces of Spain and Portugal carved out by the adventurers of the sixteenth century.

If you take ship straight to South America it is probable that the first port at which you will touch will be Pernambuco. If the arrival cannot vie with the entry into the harbour of Rio de Janeiro, you will get your full first thrill of Brazilian atmosphere at Pernambuco. The old capital of the province, Olinda, is a good example of a Portuguese colonial town; there are some fine old churches and monasteries. Or, if you hire a motor car, Gujahi, which is reached in two hours, is a wonderful example of tropical scenery with its magnificent waterfalls. Of late years Pernambuco has been much in the news as one of the places of call of the lamented *Hindenburg*.

Sailing round the enormous shoulder of the continent, Bahia is the next large port to be reached. The oldest town and the capital until 1763, Bahia is properly a city of churches, when one considers what a large part was taken by the religious orders in the settlement of the country. In particular San Francisco has a wonderfully ornate interior, and Nossa Senhora da Graça dates back to the early colonial days. There is a lovely drive along the Avenue, grand tropical scenery on one side in juxtaposition with the sea on the other. We pass down the coast to the capital

Rio harbour is justly called the most beautiful in the world. Nowhere else, too, will you find a very large town set in surroundings of greater splendour. Magnificent as is the harbour with the Sugar Loaf standing sentinel it is even more impressive from the heights of Mount Corcovado. The lay-out of the town itself is on the grand scale with a promenade which can surely have no equal, stately avenues and parks bright with tropical flowers. With all the amenities of a great capital, theatres and shops rivalling those of London and Paris the city possesses all the benefits of the tropics without the humid atmosphere found elsewhere.

Truly Rio, brilliant by daylight or illuminated in the velvet warmth of night when the Southern Cross flames overhead, is the paradise of the town-lover. It is surprising to consider that it is the capital of the least-explored country in the world. If you have a few days to spare there are a number of places of interest in the vicinity of Rio to be visited. Such are Campinas in the centre of the coffee-growing district, or by Barretos and Botucatu by which route you will pass through the wide savannahs where herds of cattle graze, in such extraordinary contrast to the green gloom of the forests which cover so much of the country.

Santos, the port for Sao Paulo, is another good centre from which to explore the interior. If you reach Sao Paulo you should visit the famous snake farm where, in an area of over 1,000 acres, are bred nearly every species of poisonous snake from which are culled anti-toxins and vaccines for use against snake-bite. A man wearing leggings is employed to walk about among the snakes "to give them exercise."

Continuing our imaginary tour we leave Brazil and arrive at Monte Video the capital of Uruguay. It is probably here that you will become acutely aware that you are out of the tropics and that summer has come to these southern lands. It is a pleasant town in which to spend a few days before crossing the huge estuary of the river Plate to Buenos Aires.

SCENIC GRANDEUR WITHIN CIVIC BOUNDARIES: A glimpse of the superb coastal scenery to be found at Rio de Janeiro. The picturesque hills and valleys inside the limits of the city are invariably a source of wonderment to visitors

"By our Lady, the air here is passing strange and wonderful! Let us call it Santa Maria de Buenos Aires," cried Pedro de Mendoza as his galleon neared the shore. Certainly the appearance of the town he founded, now the largest in the southern hemisphere, would stagger him. Perhaps he would be equally surprised at the vast numbers of horses in Argentina which are the descendants of those he turned loose. With its huge spaces Argentina is an impressive country. Perhaps you will be fortunate enough to be entertained at one of the big estancias within reach of the capital. Everything, sky-scrapers in the capital, enormous herds of cattle and horses, orchards and vineyards by the 1,000 acre, is on a big scale. Let us take the air from this rich republic to pass the great barrier of the Andes into Chile.

Too many journeys by air give an impression of flatness; not so the transit of the Andes. Of all flights possible in commercial machines it is the most tremendous experience. First what appears to be a cloudbank rises on the western horizon, then the wall of the mountains comes into view and at length you pass the Christ of the Andes on the boundary of the two countries. Of all treaties between modern nations that welded out of the guns of the rival armies to make this great statue gives promise of lasting.

Santiago, famous for its Alameda, the Avenue of Delight, is an attractive town. It is the capital of a country of amazing contrasts from the torrid deserts of the north to the glorious lake district in the southern parts. Off its coast lie innumerable islands, which are the resort of millions of sea-birds which have brought much wealth to Chile. To the ornithologist these islands are astonishing places. Out at sea is Juan de Fernandez where Alexander Selkirk, the prototype of Robinson Crusoe, spent his four years of solitude. Apart from its fame in this respect the island is a sort of Prunier in Paradise. From here come the largest lobsters in the world.

Much as there is to interest the traveller in Chile, the land of the llama and the coca leaf, its northern neighbour is in every way extraordinarily fascinating. The conquest of the empire of Incas by Pizarro is an epic of heroism and cruelty. Atahualpa had many thousands of soldiers at his command; the Spaniards were but a few hundreds. Yet their amazing leader not only succeeded in capturing the emperor alive but, after holding him hostage for the largest ransom that has ever been paid (Pizarro's share was over £700,000) and murdering him when his use as a magnet was passed, subdued the country within the space of a few years.

CURB MARKET: A street vendor of pine-apples, bird-cages, and a host of other articles plying his trade at the port of Pernambuco, fourth city of Brazil

METROPOLIS OF THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE: Two glimpses of Buenos Aires, the city that partly owes its development to its wonderful climate. *Left*—A subway entrance on the Avenida de Mayo. *Right*—Tropical trees in the Plaza de Mayo

Lima, the capital of Peru, has retained more than most other South American towns the charm of its colonial days. There are many ancient houses and interesting churches. In the cathedral you may still look through the glass upon the face of murdered Pizarro.

From Callao, the port of Lima, we journey northwards towards the countries conquered by yet two other great adventurers. In 1513 Balboa (not Cortez, as Keats said in the poem) landed at the head of fewer than 200 men on San Salvador. He had heard from the Indians that the sea lay but 50 miles across the hills.

By a mixture of tremendous physical effort, force, and the employment of the arts of love the Spaniard reached the peak in Darien from which the Pacific was viewed for the first time by a white man. Centuries later the Isthmus was the scene of another tremendous feat when the Panama Canal was completed.

Hugonaut

HAUSSMANN: MAKER OF MODERN PARIS (Continued from page 454)

Baron Haussmann wanted to complete his dream by taking the cemeteries out of Paris. There was terrible indignation among the populace. The newspapers printed articles with headings such as "They Attack the Paris Dead." Parisians even went so far as to set up a committee of Defence of Cemeteries. There were other subjects of attack against the Baron's plans. While he was struggling to find money the press and public attacked the architect of Paris because he planned and actually built a street which ran from the Opera to the Bourse—the Stock Exchange. This street to-day is one of the most frequented business streets in Paris. It is called the rue du 4 Septembre, but in those days it was called the rue du 2 Décembre. One of the bitterest attacks launched against Haussmann was that it was so ridiculous to have a street joining two buildings, one that was open only at night and the other which was open during the daytime only!

That stupid attack caused Baron Haussmann, the man who built Paris, to turn his back on the city he loved. He plunged into politics and was beaten all round.

In 1870, Baron Haussmann disappeared from his Cabinet post. He was a Bonapartist and fought an unfortunate election, first in 1871 and again in 1876.

But in 1877 he was elected in Corsica, only to be defeated a few years later. In 1885 he went out of politics altogether. He left Paris and France, and went travelling in Turkey, and it was as a traveller in far-off countries that he was known at the time he died.

THE TOLL OF R.A.F. ACCIDENTS

(Continued from page 460)

The law of averages operating on an immense increase in personnel and the greater number of flying hours which individual pilots do now-a-days accounts for a great many of the flying accidents. Last year there were ninety-eight deaths from flying accidents in the R.A.F. In the first half of this year there had been sixty-one deaths so that, considering that some forty new squadrons had been formed in the previous twelve months, things might have been worse.

Nevertheless the number of accidents is disturbing. The loss of valuable lives and costly equipment is far too serious for them to be regarded as inevitable. Every serious accident is carefully investigated from a technical point of view by the experts of the Accidents Branch of the Air Ministry apart altogether from the investigation by Coroner's inquests and service courts of inquiry.

The vast majority of accidents are attributable primarily or secondarily to errors of judgment and such errors of judgment are naturally more likely in the present state of the Royal Air Force, which thanks to need of expansion, is manned by a larger proportion of unseasoned, even though better trained, pilots than at any time since the war.

The proportion of accidents to the number of pilots and the number of flying hours should decrease, because as the expansion scheme comes to an end there will be built up a greater general flying experience among the personnel. But accidents cannot ever be completely eliminated however perfect the machines, the training of pilots, or the maintenance of the equipment.

C. D. Palmer

BRITAIN IN CHINA: KOWLOON (Continued from p. 457)

Saturday afternoon, while the season is on, may involve a visit to the races. This takes one through some of the prettiest parts of the New Territories, past the colony of wild monkeys, past the reservoir with the lovely rushing waterfall, down through the Shatin Valley, and up again into Fan Ling. The road is wide, even, well-banked—60 miles of it, skirting the whole of the New Territories.

One of the principal Sunday attractions is golf at Fan Ling. You can travel by the Kowloon-Canton Railway in the greatest comfort, in the parlour car called the Tai Po Belle. Everyone travelling knows everyone else and luncheon on the train is an hilarious meal. Arrived at Fan Ling you need not necessarily golf, for there are lovely walks in the nearby country, after which there is time enough for a comfortable tea in the club house before catching the evening train back to Kowloon.

THIS KING "OWES BLOOD" (Continued from p. 462)

Its weak point is a lack of water (though why no catchments?).

The Albanians then do not like the virtual Occupying Power (as they no doubt would not quicken to any other Occupying Power) and it is a constant source of weakening to King Zog that he is so freely spoken of as having "sold his country to Mussolini." Whether he really has done so, is a subject of debate. Some who should know aver that the King procrastinates and keeps everything back until the very ultimate moment, before carrying into effect something or other he has contracted with Rome to execute. They add that he has become a master at this, much vexing his Italian masters whose main interest in Albania is, of course, oil. This oil, to be found round Fieri, was once in the grasp of the Anglo Persian which evidently did not deem it worth spending the necessary money upon. So Italy won it, and from Abyssinia onwards, she purposes developing the wells to the fullest degree.

In 1924 Tirana had less than a dozen motor cars, its women moved seldom and furtively, swathed in all-black Muslim garb, illiteracy was complete, brigandry held both the heights and the lowlands, there was no ruler worthy of the name, nor any water supply or sewerage system even in the capital, nor lighting other than of the most primitive kind; no trams or trains or public transport. But trillions of vicious mosquitos in and about broken-down, one-horse Tirana, one whole suburb of which was, moreover, infested by Romanies of a singularly unclean and dangerous type.

Tirana now has a bright Royal Street, for promenading; it has an air mail and a passenger service, electric light, many hundred cars, modern colleges, while trains and trams are on the way—a matter of digging through some of Europe's most difficult mountain country.

All under thirty can now read and write, which King Zog considers a matter of the first importance, as relieving the younger generation from dependence on what their elders would tell them. The days of "finger-print signatures only" are rapidly waning. Here, in fact, is another new country on the way, however small in size. But there is a long way to go.

Yes, Albania, where wolves prowl in the snow, where they still wash the visitor's feet while he partakes of coffee, where infant betrothals lead to the worst blood feuds of all—usually through the young lady crying off when of marriageable age despite the fact that the would-be groom has banked heavily on her dot; where every second day seems to be a bank holiday of some sort and where there is never any water on hand though it will rain buckets . . . Albania still has a long way to go. In Bird Number One, she probably has as sound a native proposition as can be found, to lead her along the road of transition.

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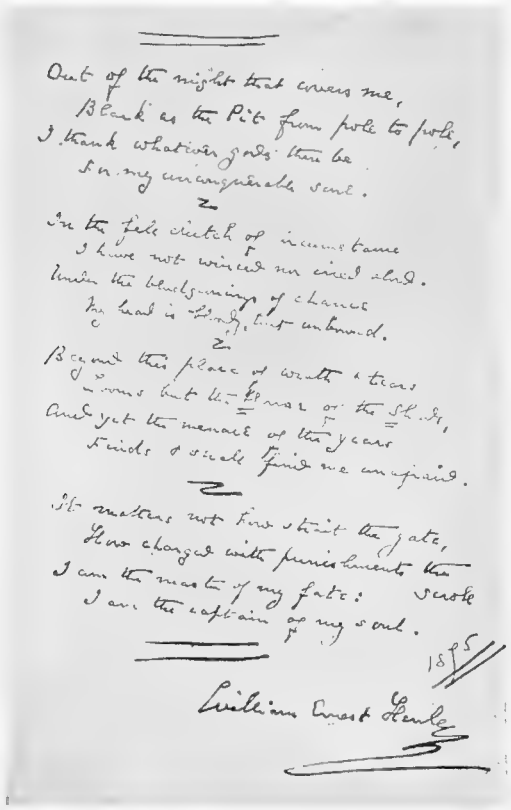

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath & tears
Looms but the Horror of the Shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

1875

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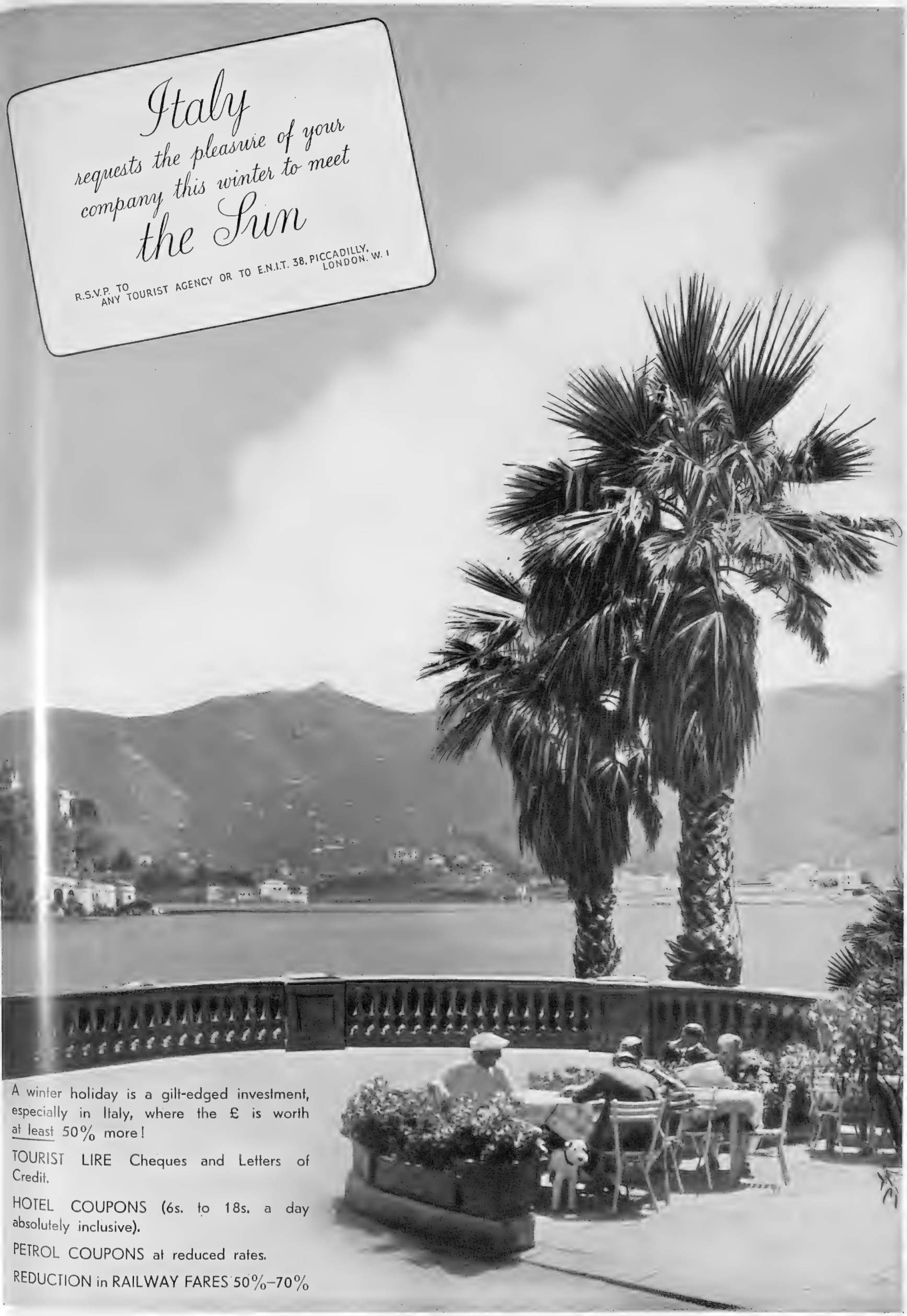

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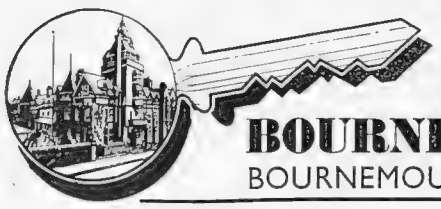

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In Quest o

The Crown and Thistle the Royal Clarence at Exet

OF all hotels the pleasantest to recommend are those which form the centre of life in their own town. Such a one is the Crown and Thistle at Abingdon, 6 miles from Oxford and 53 from Hyde Park Corner. Mr. and Mrs. Pennefather, the proprietors, are as popular as they are hospitable ; and every evening you will find a remarkably varied collection of people sitting and chatting in their charming bar. In one corner, perhaps, a retired military man will be talking fishing to the local tobacconist, while over the fire medicine and the church are engaged in deep discussion about some problem of the town. For those who like reminiscent drinking—and I confess I do—the Crown and Thistle is as satisfactory as Mr. Wodehouse's Anglers Rest.

For years the Pennefathers have been expressing an obviously genuine regret at having to turn people away, and to solve this problem they have now considerably extended their bedroom accommodation by buying up the row of old cottages next door to the Crown and Thistle and converting the interiors.

The measure of their success is that the new rooms are as delightful and full of character as the old—and, in at least one case, more so. This is the Newspaper Room—Mrs. Pennefather's latest pride. It is a beautifully proportioned bedroom, the walls of which are entirely papered with sheets of newspaper. If you want to read about the Abdication or see how the Arsenal were doing last year whilst tucked between the sheets, linen of course, this Newspaper Room is a pleasanter place of reference than the vaults of the public library.

If you can stop for only a few minutes or an excellent meal, you should ask Mr. and Mrs. Pennefather to show you round. Nothing wins their hearts more quickly than appreciation of their work.

Another small hotel with a big personality is Shelley's at Lewes, justly known as "one of the finest hotels in all Sussex." Like the Crown and Thistle it is comparatively small, though usually rather more expensive. That is not to say that your wants will not be supplied with the same cheerful courtesy if they are humble as if you are veritable Gargantua. But, as soon as you enter Shelley's, you will agree that it is one of those little extravagances which we all like to indulge in when things are going well.

Mr. Heriot and Mr. Cox, the two proprietors, are fine judges of good wine and, if you dine there, I will wager that over the evening coffee you will find it hard to remember better food or better drink. The decorations of the hotel are entirely up to date ; and not the least part of its personality derives from the pleasing restfulness of its modern interiors. Shelley's is the sort of place

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But suppose you are going west—to winter, shall we say, in the pleasant airs of the Cornish Riviera—you will very likely want to spend the night at Exeter, the capital of the West Countrie. Luckily Exeter can rise to the occasion—with the Royal Clarence, another hotel with a personality of its own.

The Royal Clarence has sixty bedrooms, so it ranks as at least a moderately large place. But under its present admirable management all the intimate amenities of the coaching inn are well preserved. Standing as it does in the shadows of the Cathedral Close, its fine old buildings seem to suggest another age, an age of jangling harness, of foaming pewter tankards, and sirloins of beef. As you step inside, you will realise that the same atmosphere pervades it all. Only in the bedrooms has the hand of time made its mark: and the sight of the wash-basins in each room with running hot and cold water may well lead you to reflect that, even if this is a hard, mechanical age, at least it demands in some things a higher standard of comfort than did the eighteenth century.

In truth, the Royal Clarence with its noble grill and its Hogarth prints downstairs and its running water in the bedroom is an example of the best of the past and the best of the present in harmonious combination.

And finally let me take you where "hospitality sits with gladness" to a new hotel—so new that the latest wing was not opened much before the first race at this year's Goodwood. Its name?—the Shore Hotel, Wittering-on-Sea. When London is thick with fog you will find the Shore basking in the warm Sussex sunshine, and Captain Newman, the proprietor, will appear mildly surprised to hear that there is fog behind the Downs; for fog is unknown in Wittering with its wide expanse of yellow sands and its glorious panorama of the Isle of Wight.

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Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot be accepted.*

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Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle (Cornwall).—Welltown Manor. Tel.17
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel, Sea Front.
Bournemouth.—Southcliffe Hotel. Tel. 7140.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Htl. Tel. 3574/5.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest
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Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
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Cornwall.—Rock Hotel for St. Enodoc Golf.
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Shrewsbury.—Mytton & Mermaid Htl., Atcham.
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Sidmouth.—Royal Glen Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The William & Mary.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Westcliff-on-Sea.—West Cliff Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Yelverton (S. Devon).—Rock Hotel. Tel. 22.

GREAT NORTH ROAD
(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (55).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—Old Bridge Hotel.
Wansford-in-England (84½).—The Haycock.
Poroughbridge, York (206).—Hotel Cottages.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Wild Boar Htl.Crook. AA.R.A.C.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Cowes (I.o.W.)—Gloster Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St.,W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl,W.8. Wes. 8121
Hotel Constance, 23-24, Lancaster Gate, W.2.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner. Sloane 7111
Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square. SLO. 9191.
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs,Wimbledon.
S.Kensington Htl.,Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel,Melville Crescent.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel. Tel. 890.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.

WALES

Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77
Cardiff.—Angel Hotel.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl.,via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Hotel Metropole. Tel. 32.
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC)
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

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Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel (For Winter Comfort).
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

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YEAR 1937	Mean. $\frac{M+m}{2}$	Maximum Mean.	Minimum Mean.	Solar radiation Mean.	Bright sunshine h. m.	Sea water Mean.
WINTER *(Dec.-Feb.)*	53.80	59.53	48.07	94.48	521.17	55.7
SUMMER *(June-Aug.)*	68.75	76.59	60.91	112.67	1118.36	61.6

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Cannes.—Hotel Montfleury.—F. sth. ent. mod. Bth. tel. ea. rm. Lge seclud pk ovlkg Cannes & sea. 2m. bus to twn & Cas. Max of qt. G.Tamme.

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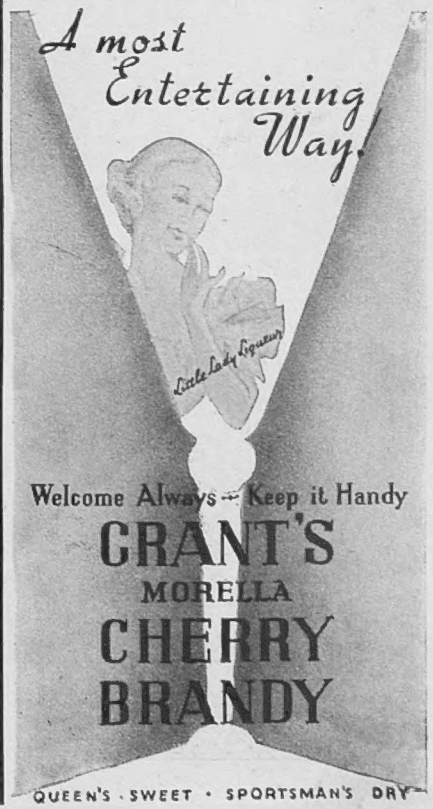

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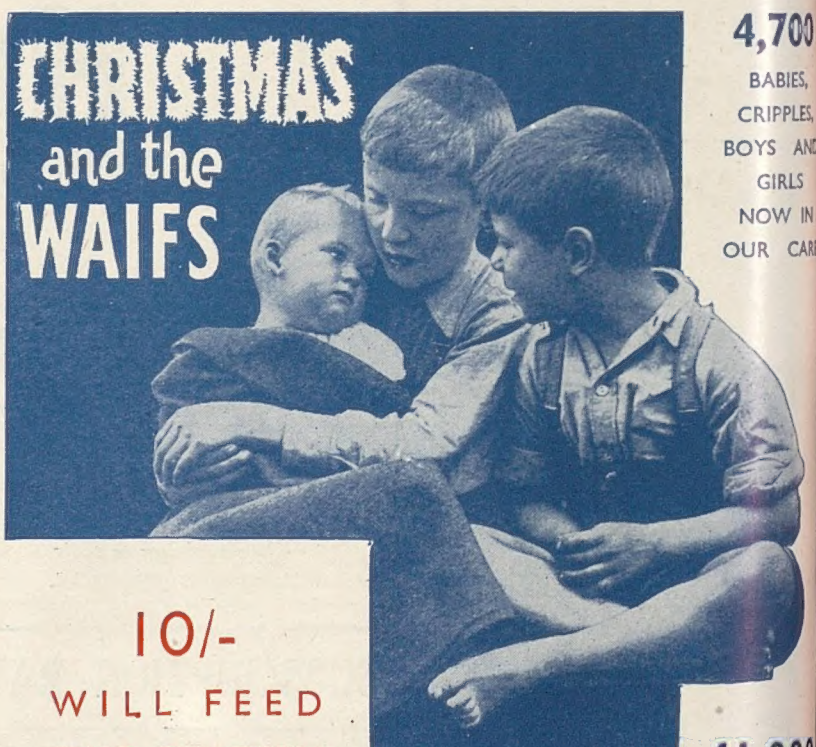

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